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The Shape of Things

THE HOUSE SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE the WPA has let it be known that it will, if necessary, call on the G-men for assistance. Is it afraid that the President, who to the Congressional tories is "Public Enemy No. 1," is planning to have its members kidnapped? Or is this merely propaganda intended to create an atmosphere unfavorable to the WPA before the inquiry opens? Certainly some of the most zealous enemies of the WPA have not hesitated to render an adverse verdict in advance of the evidence. Mr. Woodrum of Virginia, who has been leading the fight to reduce the supplementary relief appropriation, is a member of the subcommittee and is expected to act as grand inquisitor. Its task, he has stated, will include an inquiry into the "more glaring examples" of waste and inefficiency. We hope other members will approach their duties in a more judicial frame of mind. Fairly conducted, a broad review of the activities of the WPA is to be welcomed. If there have been inefficiency and corruption—and in an undertaking of this magnitude that is almost inevitable—let them be exposed. But if the committee is to present a picture in perspective it ought to give attention to the accomplishments of the WPA as well as to its shortcomings. It will find plenty of material in the report just released showing the amazing contribution of the WPA over a period of three years to the permanent capital equipment of the nation.

AS WE GO TO PRESS THE SENATE IS ABOUT to vote on the WPA deficiency appropriation. In spite of the gallant fight put up by Senators Mead and Pepper for the full amount of $150,000,000 asked by President Roosevelt, it seems more than probable that the Senate will indorse the figure of $100,000,000 agreed on by the House. Thus in the name of economy tens of thousands of unemployed will be thrust back on home relief. Yet as Senator Borah said in the course of the debate: "There is no sign of economy at Washington except where distressed men and women are asking for food and shelter." Legislators from the rural areas are sprouting new farm

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programs daily, all of them involving more money. Joining with colleagues from ten other cotton states, Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, that great apostle of economy as a general principle, has given his blessing to proposals raising federal aid to agriculture to more than $1,300,000,000 next year—nearly $500,000,000 above the Budget Bureau's estimate. We do not grudge relief payments to the many farmers genuinely in distress, but we suspect there is a substantial minority to whom federal bounties represent so much velvet. Consequently we should like to see an inquiry, paralleling that into the WPA, which would seek to establish how much subsidy money has gone into the pockets of large farmers who on a strict needs test, as administered in the case of the unemployed, might get on very well without it. It would also be interesting to know how much genuine cooperation such farmers have given to the AAA and to what extent they have violated its spirit and purpose by plowing under their poorest acres and intensifying cultivation on the remainder.

*

IF THE SITDOWN STRIKE IS ILLEGAL IT CAN be punished as trespass in the state courts. If damage is unlawfully inflicted during a strike, the employers' remedy is by suit. There is no excuse whatever for using the anti-trust laws either against the sitdown strike or as a means of obtaining damages as in the Apex Hosiery Company case. Congress provided for triple damages under the anti-trust laws as a punitive measure to prevent combinations in restraint of trade. It explicitly exempted labor unions from the anti-trust laws in passing the Clayton Act. The damages of $237,310.85 awarded by a jury in the federal District Court, Philadelphia, against Branch One, American Federation of Hosiery Workers, and its president, William Leader, were tripled by the provisions of the anti-trust laws. And although this time the court cannot levy on the individual members of the union, as was done in the notorious Danbury Hatters' case, it can drain the union's treasury repeatedly until the full award of $711,932.55 is paid. This particular case involves a sitdown strike of May, 1937, but if Judge Kirkpatrick's decision is upheld on appeal there is no reason why unions cannot be punished in the same way in ordinary strikes where property damage occurs. It is worth noting that this Philadelphia *cause célèbre* marks another stage in the dying liberalism of J. David Stern's Philadelphia *Record* and New York *Post*, which hailed the decision, taking a position far to the right of the New York *Daily News* and even to the right of the New York *Times*.

*

THE VOTING AT VERSAILLES ON APRIL 5, when Albert Lebrun was elected President of the French Republic for a second term of seven years, was a severe rebuff to him and still more to Daladier. Lebrun had only 506 votes of a total poll of 909, whereas in 1932 he obtained 633 votes. As the center and the right no doubt voted solidly for him, about 120 Radical senators and deputies must have voted for other candidates. This represents a serious revolt against Daladier in the Radical Party. French Radical politicians are not courageous, and the 120 took advantage of a secret vote to express their real sentiments. Their aim was to prevent Lebrun's election at the first ballot, and they must have known that if he were not elected at the first ballot he would almost certainly withdraw. If Daladier's intention in pressing Lebrun to run for a second term was to obtain a demonstration of national unity, he signally failed. The result and the hostile demonstration of the left that followed the declaration showed a profound political cleavage, in spite of the attempt of the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* to explain it away. Daladier's real purpose, however, was to secure the election of a President on whom he could count to give him a free hand in the exercise of his dictatorial powers. He knew that he could not count on Herriot to do that, and he wished therefore at all costs to keep Herriot out. Daladier is likely to destroy the French Radical Party as Lloyd George destroyed the Liberal Party in England.

*

THOUGH THE LOYALIST ARMIES HAVE BEEN scattered, the civil war in Spain is by no means over. The Law of Political Responsibilities promulgated by Franco on February 13 means continued war on two million now defenseless supporters of the republic. We are glad that 450 Protestant clergymen and laymen, including 41 Protestant Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal bishops, have released an open letter to the Pope asking His Holiness to prevent "the persecution by an avowedly Christian and Catholic government of a minority separated neither by race nor religion, whose only chargeable crime is a difference of political opinion." The new Pontiff has appealed for "peace . . . which is the fruit of charity and justice." Will he seek to bring that peace about in Spain? "It is not alone General Franco whom the world watches today," the Protestant appeal says, "but also the Catholic church itself, and it is the Christianity common to all of us which is undergoing this crucial test before the eyes of the world." The appeal points to the similarity between Goebbels's statement on March 21 that "talk of humanitarianism and morals is simply disgusting to us," and Count Romanones's slogan for Nationalist Spain, "We must mistrust humanitarianism." Readers of *The Nation* can help the vanquished Loyalists by protesting against the Law of Political Responsibilities in letters to the Spanish embassy and by giving what they can to alleviate the terrible distress and suffering in the refugee camps in southern France. Donations may be sent to any one of several organizations. In New York

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City: Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign, Chairman, Harold Ickes, and Spanish Intellectual Aid, both at 381 Fourth Avenue; Foster Parents' Plan for Spanish Children, 55 West Forty-second Street; International Relief Association (for political refugees), 20 Vesey Street; Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, 125 West Forty-fifth Street, are collecting funds to aid disabled American veterans of the war. In Philadelphia: American Friends Service, 20 South Twelfth Street.

✶

TWO LATIN AMERICAN COUNTRIES HAVE found it necessary to move sharply against fascist agitators. Mexico has expelled three prominent Spanish Falangists because of "political activity carried out in flagrant violation of our laws." In Argentina a number of Nazi agents and local party officials have been arrested and others have discovered urgent business abroad, following the publication of a document which outlined a plan for the occupation and colonization of Patagonia by Germany. This document also contained an economic survey of the province and reported progress in establishing espionage contacts with various branches of the government. The signatures on this singular report are alleged to be those of the counselor of the German embassy and the acting chief of the Nazi organization in Argentina. Despite German claims that the plot is the work of a forger, the Argentine government has taken it seriously enough to appoint one of its most distinguished judges to conduct a special inquiry. Police raids on Nazi offices throughout the country have resulted in the impounding of masses of material, including, it is said, a list of anti-Nazi Germans who were being blackmailed by Nazi agents. Whether or not the Patagonian plot proves authentic, we shall be surprised if this inquiry does not bring to light plenty of evidence of subversive activities. No doubt Berlin, which is very sore about the incident—another blatant example of "Anglo-Saxon machinations," according to Goebbels's press—will exercise what pressure it can to have the matter hushed up. But the Argentine government seems genuinely anxious to expose the full extent of Nazi underground activities and is not likely to be intimidated.

✶

THE UNITED AUTOMOBILE WORKERS' UNION has successfully surmounted the obstacles of its first convention. From now on its task is to rebuild its organization, weakened by the defection of the Martin group, on firmer and more democratic foundations. The most promising feature of the Cleveland meeting was the evidence it afforded of an articulate and independent rank and file, conscious of its power and anxious to exercise it. Lingering displays of factionalism provoked hearty boos; the three Communist-supported vice-presidents who symbolized the old frictions were eliminated. On the other hand, the convention was in no mood to accept dictation from the platform, and the representatives of the C. I. O. were constrained to walk delicately. It would be too much to hope that perfect peace will reign within the union, but for the present warlike gestures from any source are likely to be severely discouraged. The delegates elected R. J. Thomas president on his record of disassociation from all factions. They took steps to curb presidential authority and to strengthen the power of the membership. They cemented their union with the C. I. O. while making plain their opposition to external dictation. In short, by insistence both on independent leadership and on democratic controls the convention showed that the painful lessons of the past year had been taken to heart. It is to be hoped that the new executive board will conform to this changed spirit. If it does, the influence of Homer Martin, now apparently confined to the outlying centers, may well continue to dwindle and the revivified union may acquire the strength needed for its long-delayed call on Henry Ford.

Europe in Turmoil

PROCEEDING in accordance with their newly adopted schedule of a country a week, the axis powers took over Albania while the devout were commemorating Good Friday. Mussolini, however, proved somewhat less adept than his tutor in Berlin, for the Albanians, like the Ethiopians and Spaniards, put up a fight before capitulating. Although quickly overwhelmed by the Duce's black-shirted legions, they left no illusion that their submission was voluntary. Mussolini's coup shows that the gears of the axis are still meshing neatly and that lingering Anglo-French hopes of engineering a break between Berlin and Rome have little foundation. When Italian demands on France seemed the chief threat to peace, Hitler brought off his sudden blow against Czechoslovakia; when the Polish frontier appeared the greatest danger point, Mussolini moved in the Adriatic. Thus the democracies are kept on the jump. Before a fence is completed at one point, they are compelled to rush to a new gap. The wedge driven into the Balkans by the Italian occupation of Albania presents them with a particularly difficult problem. Il Duce's pounce on King Zog was no doubt a bid for cheap glory; but it was also an astute piece of strategy which has multiplied Britain's difficulties in constructing an anti-axis front and exposed the dangers of piecemeal fence-building.

For all that, British efforts during the past week should not be minimized. They mark the first time Britain has been willing to recognize that its frontier lies beyond the Rhine and that its security is bound up with the countries of Eastern Europe. And once the plunge is taken,

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there can be no turning back. Britain must proceed to try to line up Rumania, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and the Soviet Union. To do less is both to invite war and to risk defeat in that war.

For it must recognize that the present alliance between Great Britain, France, and Poland is a far cry from true collective security. It is really nothing more than the old Triple Entente (minus Russia), which has been revamped to meet the challenge of the old Triple Alliance (plus Japan and Spain). As it stands, the new combination is far too weak to give any assurance against war. For the first time since 1918 Europe is divided into two camps of nearly equal strength. If anything, the potential aggressors have the edge. In that fact lies the fundamental danger in the situation. Neither Hitler nor Mussolini has shown any disposition to risk war when there was an overwhelming combination of states against the axis. But they have not hesitated to strike when circumstances were favorable. They may reason, with some justice, that the situation is far more favorable for them today than it will be if Britain succeeds in bringing the remaining Central European countries into the anti-fascist bloc.

The prospects for European peace have undoubtedly deteriorated rapidly since Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia, but this does not mean that war is bound to break out within the next few weeks. A general war may still be averted if the democracies display the same energy in self-defense that the dictatorships have shown in planning their aggressive campaigns. An overwhelming number of the countries of the world are opposed to the aggressor states. The economic resources of these anti-aggressor countries are incomparably superior to those of the fascist powers. Their military resources are also superior, though to a somewhat lesser degree. Britain's task in the coming weeks is to consolidate this latent opposition into an effective anti-fascist front which will be strong enough to prevent Hitler from precipitating a general conflict.

Specifically, this means that Rumania and Yugoslavia must be brought into the new combination. Neither will be easily persuaded, since both have fallen under Nazi economic domination. Yet both are directly threatened by the recent axis moves and can probably be won if Britain and France are prepared to extend adequate military and economic assistance. Far more important is the necessity for reaching an agreement with the Soviet Union. Neither Poland nor Rumania can be defended without Soviet aid. Without Russia the new alliance is definitely inferior in military strength to the fascist front. With Russia it would be substantially stronger. Yet the Soviet Union has once more been pushed into the background in the frantic diplomatic activities of the past fortnight. The responsibility for this appears to rest on Poland—it has been reported that the powerful Polish landlords refused to have anything to do with the Soviet government.

Another reason for Britain's failure to woo the Kremlin more assiduously lies in the assumption that Russia will line up with the democratic powers if it comes to a showdown. There are good grounds for this assumption. Moscow has never faltered in its condemnation of fascist aggression. Nor has it spared words in its advocacy of a common front against that aggression. But it is not safe to assume from this that Russia would join in a war only to save Poland and Rumania from a Nazi attack. The Soviets have no desire to push in where they are not wanted. They might very well choose to remain on the sidelines, conserving their strength rather than utilizing it to safeguard Polish and Rumanian sovereignty over territory that was originally Russia's.

The discussions now under way in Washington on proposals for revising the Neutrality Act will also be of great importance in deciding the issue of peace or war at this time. Germany and Italy would be most unlikely to launch an attack if the act were revised so as to make possible the withholding of our economic resources from the aggressor while permitting full assistance to its victims. Repeal of the act would also act as a deterrent against aggression. With isolationism everywhere in retreat there is a real possibility that Congress may act in time to help check the drift toward war.

Remedies for Monopoly

THE testimony by Federal Trade Commission officials and advisers before the monopoly inquiry and the discussion of this testimony at the hearings reveal the existence of what might roughly be called two schools of thought on the monopoly problem. Both are primarily negative, more impressed by defeats suffered in the past than confident of the remedy to be applied in the future. One school, represented by the Federal Trade Commission, is chiefly concerned with the failure of attempts at self-regulation under government supervision, and looks toward action for stronger anti-trust laws. The other, represented by younger New Dealers with a background of experience under the NRA, is chiefly impressed by the failure of attempts at "trust-busting" and is casting about for forms of administrative control which would make it possible to supervise or regulate monopolistic practices, even to gear them into a more efficient and abundant economy. Neither side wishes to commit itself in advance of the inquiry's findings, both are willing to examine the problem industry by industry, but both seem to be looking for some general solution as well.

We place Securities and Exchange Commissioner Jerome Frank in the latter category. In a letter we published last week he objected to two recent editorials in *The Nation* discussing the monopoly investigation. The

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first, reviewing the history of past attempts to deal with monopoly, stressed the danger of repeating the same futilities. We suggested that in certain industries public ownership seemed the only way to end the economic abuses of monopoly. "We have been trust-busting since 1890," *The Nation* said, "and American business has constantly grown more monopolistic. In industries like steel, where experience has shown the restoration of competition impossible and where an NRA code merely pinned a policeman's badge on the monopolistic Steel Institute, government ownership is the only way out." Mr. Frank, for all his emphasis on the careful use of words, interprets this to mean that we advocate public ownership for any industry in which "old-fashioned competition" no longer exists or in which there is "monopolistic competition," and says, "You are advocating government ownership of all our mass-production industries."

Mr. Frank's conclusion is not justified by our words. There is no longer "old-fashioned competition" in the automobile industry, for example, but one could hardly claim that the buyer of automobiles is in the same position as the buyer of steel. We see no valid economic reason to advocate public ownership for the automobile industry, or to include all our other mass-production industries. We suggest public ownership for those industries in *which competition no longer protects the public, and other controls have proved ineffective;* and we think that public ownership of such industries would not be inconsistent with an attempt to preserve free enterprise in the rest of our economy. On the contrary it is precisely this combination of public with private ownership that accounts for the economic stability of the much-praised Scandinavian "middle way." We do not disagree with Mr. Frank as to the political difficulties of such a program. But the difficulties do not make it any the less sound economically.

It is interesting that Mr. Frank should take as an affront the statement in the second editorial that he seemed to be thinking in terms of a solution much like the NRA, although we were careful to state that he disavowed any intention of proposing to revive the NRA itself. We do not think we interpreted his testimony unfairly. "I suggest that far more can be done," Mr. Frank said at the hearings, "by intelligent cooperation between government, the components of industry, the suppliers of the materials, the purchasers of the materials, labor, and the consumer, than we have anywhere as yet canvassed. . . ." Later on Mr. Frank explained: "I think this committee could do no more useful thing than to have canvassed what NRA did—so as to learn by its mistakes, for humanity has always learned by its mistakes—and to take over, perhaps as part of any suggested remedies we may propose, the virtues of NRA and seek to apply the very constructive devices that persons like Mr. Henderson were able to introduce into the workings of NRA." We are far from believing that NRA had no good features; we do think that the controls it sought to impose on monopolistic practices proved ineffective. Political realities being what they are, we do not object to further experiment with such methods in some industries, any more than we object to use of our judicially corroded anti-trust laws to prevent restraint of trade where possible. But past experience makes us dubious of attempts at "cooperation" among government, industry, labor, and consumers as a means of regulating monopoly practices, particularly in those industries so strongly organized and powerfully intrenched that neither anti-trust law nor administrative control has made a dent in their armor.

Let's Mind Our Own Business

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

ALL right, let's. I'm for it. I agree with Senator Nye and Senator Johnson and even Senator Reynolds on the need for an independent foreign policy, free from entangling alliances with Mr. Chamberlain and Messrs. Daladier and Bonnet. Unlike some of my friends and colleagues, I regard the belated activities of the British and French governments with undiminished skepticism. Collective security used to represent a positive hope. Now, I am afraid, the phrase has become a synonym for helping Mr. Chamberlain avoid the final penalties for having done collective security to death. So let's mind our own business. Let's create a foreign policy out of our own hopes and traditions, and then put it into effect right away, before our hand is forced through the pressure of war and actual threats to our safety.

First we are faced with the relatively simple job of defining our business, and here, I am sorry to say, I may have to deviate somewhat from my allies, Nye, Johnson, Reynolds, and company. To me it seems obvious that it is our business to prevent freedom from perishing from the earth. The threat implicit in fascism is not only a threat to other forms of government or to the territorial status quo in Europe; behind that and bound up in it is the threat to the free functioning of the human mind. That statement will be accepted as a simple truism by almost everybody who reads it. Men and women in Nazi Germany—taking Hitler's state as the finest example of fascism in power—may have jobs, they may eat, they may reproduce. They may have a chance, any day, to fight, and they may—indeed must—hate those the state has selected as its enemies. They may think, too, but only if their thoughts and the product of their thinking are directed to the uses of the state. They may, in short,

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perfect themselves to the point where they become both as useful and as ignoble as ants.

Germany is an ant-nation with frankly predatory intentions toward the disorganized, unconquered territories around it. The German ants are supposed to be contemptuous of non-ants and even of different, less efficient ants. Their leaders see the unconquered areas of Europe and several other parts of the world as potential hills in which German ants will eventually carry on their intricate superior civilization and from which they will draw their nourishment, either utilizing non-ants and inferior ants as slaves or exterminating them if they object.

So what? Shall we, as many of Mr. Roosevelt's political opponents insist, gather our oceans around us and refuse military supplies to the non-fascist powers and let the dictators complete their "peaceful" conquests in the hope that they may get tired of it all before they reach this hemisphere? Or is it the business of the United States to prevent the ant-philosophy from dominating the world? I believe that this second task is our business and that our statesmen should turn directly to the job of finding where democracy still shows a determination to survive and there to lend it aid. At home and abroad.

We surrendered our chance to mind our business in Spain; we were too intent on keeping out of trouble and minding Chamberlain's business. We allowed democracy to be slaughtered in Spain, and all we can do now is to send generous help to its defenders who still live. But we still have ample opportunity to mind our business elsewhere in the world. If freedom and democracy are not to perish, fascism must. They cannot survive together, either in the same hemisphere or ultimately in the same world; the world is too small and fascism is too implacable, or, as its leaders prefer to say, too dynamic. Now that Spain has gone, watch for an acceleration of fascist activity in Latin America. You can see it happening already, as far south as the Argentine, as far north as Mexico.

Fascism must be stopped; if it is prevented from growing it will ultimately die. There are two available ways of stopping it—by economic weapons and by arms. Isolationists like to argue, first, that no economic boycott is likely to succeed, and, second, that if it did it would lead directly into war. Perhaps they are right, but so far the case stands unproved. The boycott against Italy in 1935 was deliberately sabotaged by the powers that launched it. On the other hand the boycott against Spain, conscientiously carried out by all the non-fascist powers except Russia, was a brilliant success. It ended the possibility of resistance on the part of the Loyalists and brought about their defeat. Nor did it lead to war. It merely *was* war. Applied against an aggressor instead of a nation defending its independence, a similar boycott might well similarly result in his defeat. In any case it would seem worth trying as a first move in our inevitable war against fascism. It might save us from the necessity of taking up arms in the end; and at the very least it would relieve us of our present inescapable guilt for the terrible successes of fascist aggression.

The other night an Episcopal bishop told me of a Chinese child he had seen a few weeks before in a Shanghai hospital. The boy had lost an arm and a leg and one side of his face as a result of an exploding bomb. The American surgeon who stood near him said to the clergyman: "It was an American bomb that hit him. I saw the fragments." He spoke with a degree of horror and bitterness that only an American could have felt.

Today the United States is the grand arsenal for triumphant fascism—as it threatens and bombs its way through Europe and the East. Hitler and Mussolini depend upon our arms and other war material less than Japan; but they have been able to get what they need. Only their own financial methods and their own dearth of foreign exchange has limited the amount of goods these powers can buy from the United States; and, in the case of Japan, its sales of silk continue in sufficient volume to insure a fair purchasing power.

It is our business to stop providing these three great aggressors with arms and the goods necessary to the manufacture of arms and the conduct of war. It is our business to end this subsidy to fascism. The United States should boycott the axis *now*. By the time England and France have stumbled into a war of desperate defense in Europe, the power of the United States will have been half wasted. It can no longer then be put to the service of peace, but can help only to prevent the worst results of a world war.

A clear-cut announcement that we were forthwith establishing a boycott on trade in all war materials with every nation which by resorting to armed force in the settlement of disputes had violated the Pact of Paris would clear the air of Europe and Asia of many lurking fears and excuses for hesitancy. Such an announcement might prevent a war; it would rally the spirits of the non-fascist powers; it might even bring the axis to its knees. Precedent is against it—legal and diplomatic—and it would take a full spring tide of public sentiment to force the idea into the area of serious discussion. Business would oppose it, and the "experts" in the State Department would shudder at the mention of it. It may not be "practical"; it is only necessary. Necessary as a first step in a foreign policy based on minding our own business. Necessary as a means of freeing ourselves from complicity in the fascist conspiracy to crush freedom in the world, as it has already been crushed in Czechoslovakia, Spain, and points east.

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Goodby Neutrality

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, April 10

SELDOM if ever in the history of the United States have good intentions done a more conspicuous paving job than they did when Congress passed the Neutrality Act. The law was a logical answer to questions posed by Stephen Raushenbush in the Nye committee's revealing investigation of the circumstances surrounding the involvement of the United States in the World War. The committee proved beyond peradventure that the 1915 and 1916 war trade, financed by loans to the Allies, was an important factor in the combination of forces which drew this country into the conflict. Obviously, the thing to do was to forbid the shipment of arms, ammunition, and implements of war to belligerents. The law was passed almost unanimously despite the expressed misgivings of the State Department. It was to be our insulation against the inevitable next European war.

What happened afterward was disillusioning. The law helped the Fascists crush democracy in Spain. Had it not been for the Neutrality Act, the Loyalists, with their hoard of government gold, could have bought in the United States the armaments and airplanes they needed to protect themselves from invasion by Mussolini and Hitler. Still worse, American airplane companies were able to help Hitler rearm in violation of the Treaty of Versailles without transgressing the law. Rather than assist Japan at the expense of China, the President refused to invoke the act in the Far Eastern war. The perfectly reasonable Neutrality Act, so acclaimed at the time of its passage, has probably thwarted the will of the majority of Americans more completely than any other statute Congress has ever written.

So now the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate is holding hearings on half a dozen bills to amend the Neutrality Act and strike some kind of compromise between theory and reality. Actually, most of the suggested amendments would discard the premise upon which the Neutrality Act was based. Instead of amending the law, they would substitute various formulas for un-neutrality. The disagreement among members of the Foreign Relations Committee is not so much about the necessity for abandonment of neutrality as about how to abandon it. The whole theory of prearranged neutrality has been discredited. It still has its advocates, but they are in the minority.

The first few hearings on the various "un-neutral" bills have revealed the extraordinary phenomenon of honest disagreement among legislators. In fact, the disagreement is so marked and so honest that it appears more than possible that none of the various schools of thought will be able to command a majority in the showdown and that nothing will be done at this session to change the existing law. If this happens, the cash-and-carry provisions of the act will expire automatically on May 1, and the embargo provisions will be left as they are. Even this would be tantamount to repeal, because the President undoubtedly would extend to Europe the interpretation he placed on the law in relation to the Far East. Since modern wars are not declared, he would refuse to recognize the existence of war in Europe, and by extra-legal devices he would promote trade with the defensive belligerents and discourage trade with the aggressors.

Two bills have boiled to the surface in the stew of the hearings. One was written by Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, chairman of the committee. It provides that any nation may buy war supplies in the United States if it can pay cash and do its own delivering. Theoretically it is neutrality legislation. In reality it is nothing of the kind. It would favor Great Britain in the Atlantic and Japan in the Pacific, for they, with their sea power, would be in war the only nations capable of making their own deliveries. The scheme is ingenious, designed to meet the exigencies of the immediate situation. In a discussion with Senator Borah at the hearings, Pittman frankly said that his bill was designed to favor Great Britain and France. In response to Borah's question whether his formula would not, by the same token, favor Japan, Pittman replied that it would, but pointed out that since Japan now controls every Pacific port of China, this country could do nothing for China anyway. In so far as the Chinese are concerned, Pittman said, the whole question is academic.

Elbert Thomas of Utah stands sponsor for the second of the most-favored bills. His provides that the President shall have power to pick the aggressor nation in any international rumpus, and embargo shipments of arms and ammunition to it, while allowing them to be sold freely to the object of the aggression. This is what President Roosevelt and the State Department want, but the bill abandons the former misconception of neutrality so abruptly that they have little hope of getting it passed. In effect, it would give the President complete freedom to support the side he favored in an international dispute. However, there is an important condition: Con-

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gress would have to ratify any embargo order the President issued.

A third plan which is gaining favor calls for repeal of the Neutrality Act and substitution of nothing in its place. This would leave the President with the power to conduct foreign affairs that is his under the Constitution, without interference from Congress. It has some merit in the present situation, but there is no answering the argument that it would leave the nation exactly where it was in 1914 except for one thing, the Johnson Act, which prevents war debtors from obtaining loans in the United States. This is an important difference, and no one, so far, has advocated extension of credits to combatants, whoever they may be. Where loans are concerned, the Nye committee's logic has prevailed without challenge. If a general European war breaks out, however, its argument against credits may well go the way of the rest of its recommendations.

The first two days of hearings on the various bills were interesting. Henry L. Stimson, the first witness, rather too bluntly argued for complete Presidential freedom, declaring that he favored a quick abandonment of neutrality for the benefit of Great Britain and France. He went down the line for the Thomas bill, but questioned the wisdom of giving Congress a veto. Bernard M. Baruch, the second witness, as strongly advocated adoption of the Pittman bill, using the rather too crass argument that the United States might as well make the most of its war-trade possibilities because someone else will sell the shot and shell if we don't.

Throughout the hearings Senator Hiram Johnson kept pounding the table and repeating, "I want to keep us out of war." This demagoguery became a little wearisome inasmuch as everyone in the room had the same desire. Bob Reynolds of North Carolina made plainer than ever the trend of his mind in a series of long harangues in which he admitted his partisanship. He favors the Nazis and Fascists against the British and French democracies and, clownlike, makes no bones of it. His frankness is a little nauseating. Everyone in the committee room except Reynolds squirms a little as he talks. They squirm, too, at the similarity between his arguments and those of Johnson.

The thing that will have more to do with the outcome of the squabble than anything that has been said to the committee is the Gallup poll, which showed last Sunday that the United States is so stirred by the plight of the European democracies that it wants to help them, danger or no danger: 82 per cent were for selling food to them, and 66 per cent for selling arms. This compared with 57 per cent and 34 per cent in pre-Munich polls on the same questions. Those in favor of sending troops increased from 5 to 16 per cent. Such feelings can grow very rapidly. Neutrality is out the window.

Abortions and the Law

BY B. B. TOLNAI

"THE law is a ass," said Mr. Bumble. Instances to support this contention have never been lacking, but nothing so richly bears out its claim to immortality as our laws concerning abortion. Just how ineffective those laws have been in the state of New York will be made shockingly clear when Special Assistant Attorney General John Harlan Amen completes his investigation of the abortion industry and its official protectors in the Borough of Brooklyn. But New York is far from being a lone sinner. The foolishness of abortion laws in this country amounts to a tradition.

Lumping it together with "French" postcards and sedition, the federal obscenity laws of 1873 declared information about abortion and birth-control contraband in interstate commerce, and banned it from the United States mails on pain of a fine of $5,000 or five years' imprisonment or both. The states forthwith followed suit with legislation of greater or less rigor, Connecticut going Mr. Comstock one better by specifically forbidding its citizens to use contraceptives.

As a monument to such legislation, we now have some 2,000,000 abortions a year in this country, according to Dr. A. J. Rongy of the New York Academy of Medicine. Dr. Frederick J. Taussig of St. Louis, straining on the side of caution in a field where there necessarily are no organized statistics, puts the number at 681,600. New York City alone is reliably said to account for 250,000, and Mr. Amen's investigators have found that at least 100,000 abortions are induced each year in the Borough of Brooklyn alone. Abortions in New York and Chicago, in fact, are thought to outnumber the combined total of live and still births in both cities.

Ever since the United States Circuit Court of Appeals decision of 1936, in the case of the *United States* v. *One Package* (containing 120 pessaries to prevent conception), in which the pessaries were duly exonerated, vigilance in regard to birth-control has generally relaxed. For all practical purposes, however, the forty-eight states and several territories remain—officially at least—up in arms on the issue of abortion.

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Largely as a result of this, it is generally agreed, the illegal traffic in abortions claims at least 10,000 lives each year. Between nine and ten times as many women as that become chronic invalids. By all available statistics death from abortion is most frequent among mothers of three or more children, only a negligible proportion of whom are unmarried. Moreover, contrary to the myth that an abortion implies "confessed want of chastity," perpetuated in the New York statute, a study of registered maternal deaths undertaken by the New York Academy of Medicine in 1930-32 showed the highest percentage of abortion fatalities among married women between the ages of thirty-five and thirty-nine who had been pregnant six or seven times.

For the most part, the only time that a doctor may legally interrupt pregnancy in the United States is when its continuance threatens the life of the mother. Six states —Florida, Louisiana, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey—overlook even this contingency, having no specific provision for therapeutic abortion. Seven states—Arkansas, Georgia, Kansas, Missouri, Ohio, Texas, and Wisconsin—expressly require medical advice prior to the act, while thirty-one states, including New York, sanction abortion to save the life of the mother, with no provision for medical counsel. Only three states—Colorado, Maryland, and New Mexico—and the District of Columbia countenance the interruption of pregnancy not only to save the life of the mother but also to preserve her health. The Mississippi law forbids abortions but adds the cryptic provision, "unless the same shall have been advised by a physician to be necessary for such purpose." For this apparent liberality a proofreader alone is to blame. Originally this provision was preceded by the clause, "unless the same shall have been necessary to preserve the life of the mother," but the clause was overlooked in the 1906 and subsequent codifications of the law.

A sentence of from one to five years for second-degree manslaughter is the mildest legal penalty when death follows abortion. That is the law in Kansas, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin. New York and thirteen other states exact from one to ten years' imprisonment on the charge of first-degree manslaughter; Florida and Georgia provide for a maximum penalty of twenty years, on the charge of third-degree murder; the same punishment holds in sixteen other states for second-degree murder. Classed as second-degree murder, the offense carries a maximum of life imprisonment in California, Idaho, Utah, Connecticut, Nevada, Delaware, and New Hampshire; classed as third-degree murder in Maine and Texas, it likewise carries the penalty of life imprisonment. In Louisiana, Kentucky, Illinois, and Mississippi the charge is first-degree murder, requiring life imprisonment or the death penalty.

Draconic and bigoted, these laws obviously defeat themselves. Clearly the average jury would no more think of sending an abortionist to the electric chair or the gallows for what, after all, is a common accident of surgery and in no sense premeditated murder than it would hang a horse thief, burn a witch, or send a debtor to the galleys. The result is an anarchy of extra-legal practice, opening up bonanzas of graft to crooked lawyers, politicians, and doctors.

Far from being convicted, few abortionists are ever held for trial. In the rare instances that they are, damaging evidence is almost never allowed to reach the courtroom. Postponement after postponement is systematically granted, until witnesses either lose interest or find it impossible for pressing personal reasons to attend. Only three doctors and a handful of midwives have been convicted in New York City in nearly twenty years. Chicago, headquarters of the American Medical Association, records two convictions for abortion and seven for abortion deaths in a ten-year period. The number includes several midwives, more susceptible than doctors to both prosecution and conviction. Forty-two out of forty-seven complaints placed before the Medical Grievance Committee of the Board of Regents of the State of New York between September, 1928, and July, 1934, were dismissed.

Paradoxically enough, the increased liberality in regard to birth-control has been grist for the abortion mill. For while local restrictions still hamper the distribution of legitimate information, an industry worth probably $250,000,000 literally floods the country with commercial products of doubtful efficacy "for the prevention of disease." A survey of the Florida gold coast several years ago showed these objects on sale in 376 places, including gas stations, garages, restaurants, soda fountains, barber shops, pool rooms, cigar stands, newsstands, shoe-shine parlors, and grocery stores, as well as drugstores. In New York City in a single drugstore in the Grand Central area a demure social worker was given her choice of thirty-four preparations, claiming up to 97 per cent effectiveness. The chain of which this drugstore was a member is estimated to handle $10,000,000 worth of these products a year at profits ranging from 50 to 100 per cent.

When these devices fail, as 45 out of 100 did in tests conducted by the New York Birth-Control Clinical Research Bureau, visits to the abortionist almost inevitably follow. Dr. Rongy holds that fully 2 per cent of all licensed physicians are involved in the abortion traffic. At a little less than two abortions a day—and twenty is by no means the record in some of the busy abortion parlors in New York—doctors are thought to account for 1,700,000 abortions a year. Another 200,000 are assumed to be the work of midwives, while the remaining 100,000, or 5 per cent of the total, are presumably therapeutic and spontaneous abortions. With fees ranging from $50 to $1,000 for doctors, and from $25 up for midwives, the abortion business easily hits the $100,-

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000,000 mark. On the basis of somewhat more than 3,000 doctors engaged in the practice the income of the average abortionist, even considering costs of protection, would be between $20,000 and $30,000 a year. That this is an understatement is shown by the incomes of abortionists under fire. A single chain of abortion parlors on the West Coast with headquarters in Los Angeles grossed $1,000,000 a year. In New Jersey an elderly practitioner taken into custody as founder of an abortion club with regular monthly fees was said to have an income of $4,000 a week. Abortion is undoubtedly the most profitable specialty in the medical profession.

Inevitably many less remuneratively engaged individuals covet a slice of the abortionist's income—and it is readily granted, in most cases, to insure "good-will." The first beneficiaries under this dispensation are fellow-doctors who, while they do not themselves perform abortions, systematically send patients to favored abortionists for a one-third to one-half share of the fee. One thriving neighborhood practitioner in New York acted as middleman for 2,000 to 3,000 abortions in less than five years.

Policemen using female decoys regularly extort various sums for "protection." The sum thus collected is said to amount to at least $5,000 a year per thriving abortionist. This is more or less of a general royalty; special premiums are collected in case of death or complications.

In New York City it has been customary for abortionists to work through financial managers, usually lawyers, who act as a combination public-relations counsel, paymaster, and chief of staff, wielding the cudgels in defense in case of trouble. Evidence now before the Amen investigation points to a ring of these "political" lawyers which is said to have paid out fabulous sums in the past five years in abortion deaths. Sol Ullman, a former assistant attorney general of New York whose duty was to prosecute malpractice cases, is under indictment on five counts of bribery and conspiracy to obstruct justice.

Duly established New York abortionists, it is charged, would receive a telephone call from a well-known contact man, also under investigation, inviting them to call at his office. Introducing himself as the representative of certain highly placed officials, the man would offer the good-will of these dignitaries, at a price usually of $10,000. The upshot would be a compromise, generally a cash payment of one-half or more of the asking price, with more to follow.

Just as law-breaking in this field is a highly profitable venture, so the most conscientious efforts at enforcement are only too liable to be a waste of time and money. Under existing rules of evidence, an abortionist may be put out of business on a civil judgment or for income-tax evasion but rarely, if ever, on a criminal charge. Almost the only way to effect this result would be to catch him in the overt act—a practical impossibility, since abortionists regularly work behind locked doors—or to confront him with incontrovertible evidence other than that of his own work. This too is next to impossible, since in most states a woman mangled by an abortionist cannot testify without technically incriminating herself. Until recent years patients admitting to a criminal abortion were actually put under arrest in New York. Three police officers were regularly stationed at Ward K2 in Bellevue Hospital, at a cost of $6,000 a year to the city, to patrol "prisoners" afflicted with anything from pelvic inflammation to peritonitis. Several years ago one such patient survived a death-bed statement implicating an abortionist. Shortly after her dismissal from the hospital the abortionist's lawyer called on her and, after pointing out her plight, explained that the only way out for her was to make common cause with the abortionist. Terrorized, the woman complied, charging that her statement had been extorted on false pretenses while she was delirious.

In case of death, moreover, there is no certain way of establishing the abortionist's guilt. Even if the patient dies under his hands, he need only plead an emergency operation to go scot-free with nothing worse than a blot on his professional escutcheon. A standard irrefutable excuse is that the patient was brought in *in extremis*, and died while being prepared for an examination. This is the preferred excuse, possible since most abortionists, particularly in the lower brackets, work without benefit of anaesthetics. It is usually explained to the patient that anaesthetics are avoided in order to lessen the chance of perforation. Actually they are dispensed with in order to save time, and, in case of death, to preclude telltale traces in the lungs and brain. While no medical examiner or any other physician is allowed to testify to the criminality of an abortion, the abortionist himself is free to call in any amount of expert testimony regarding the innocence of his intent. Such expert witnesses, frequently fee-splitting associates of the abortionist, may tip the balance in his favor by a single discreetly phrased reply.

Under the New York statute any act of prescribing or administering any drug or medicine, or using or causing to be used any instrument designed to procure an abortion, *whether or not the woman is pregnant*, amounts to abortion. Intended to make the law airtight, this provision in fact opens up still further bonanzas of blackmail. For while the abortionist, practicing secretly and usually under protection, continues to "abort" women whether or not they are in need of his ministrations, the doctor who may be called on to patch up the results of his work may be hard put to it to prove that he did not himself perform the abortion. So delicate is the situation that most doctors now categorically refuse to make any outpatient calls in abortion cases.

While no amount of lawmaking has availed to legislate abortion out of existence, the social, religious, and ethical odium for centuries attaching to the practice has

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effectively hamstrung any competent research in the field. As a result curettement, known and practiced in Europe with sundry variations since the days of the Greeks, remains the only generally applicable method of interrupting pregnancy. That this is not the ideal method was demonstrated on a large scale by Russian experiments in legal, hospitalized abortion.

Under the Russian system an appalling death rate, estimated at 42 per cent, was reduced to a mere .02 per cent, but this meant primarily that abortion had been transferred from the almost exclusive province of ignorant midwives to that of qualified physicians in reasonably aseptic surroundings. A serious boomerang, however, soon appeared in the increased number of ectopic pregnancies. Clinical studies showed further a striking frequency of "late" effects, such as habitual abortion, relative or complete sterility, organic disturbances, and complications in subsequent deliveries. Thus in a series of nearly 500 legal abortions studied by Ter Gabrielian, 28 per cent showed such effects. In a report of 81 consecutive cases submitted by Dr. Zomiakin, 24 cases of habitual abortion, organic disfunctions, and sterility were noted. While the record for perforations was only one per 1,250 cases in one clinic, it was shown that as soon as practiced specialists were replaced by novices, the frequency of this extremely serious accident increased more than eightfold.

Particularly striking were the aftermaths of abortion in first pregnancies. Comparing the clinical records of 717 women having no history of abortion with those of 653 who had had one or more, Dr. Bronnikowa, a woman physician, found that the labors of the latter lasted an average of seven hours longer. Instrumental delivery, improper presentation, and high foetal mortality were likewise more common among women who had had abortions.

Merely scrapping restrictions, therefore, is no answer to the problem. A more logical approach would be to make the best-known contraceptive information available to all who need it, to the exclusion of the drugstore products now in vogue. At the same time extensive research should be authorized for more effective contraception and for safer methods of interrupting pregnancy, if need be.

The abortion racket is at bottom only a flagrant phase of the basic problem of the profit motive in medical practice. Divorced from religious considerations, the ramifications of abortion are no more corrupting or unethical than the recognized practice of fee-splitting in other specialties. To get at the root of the problem, this factor, with its countless temptations to unnecessary operations, prolonged hospital care, and costly useless treatments, as well as outright violations of the law, must be removed from the path of medicine. For the rest, the interruption of pregnancy is clearly a subject for preventive medicine. Any legal interference in this field violates the best interests of society as well as the basic rights of the medical profession. With a casualty list of 100,000 a year in deaths and chronic invalidism, abortion is a major social as well as medical problem.

The Ghost of Versailles

BY AUREL KOLNAI

ONE of the factors that prevents us from offering determined resistance to the establishment of fascist world hegemony is what I may describe as the ghost of Versailles. The so-called "crime of Versailles," including the blunders attached and subsequent to it, oppresses our consciences and haunts our dreams; it furnishes the advocates of non-resistance and surrender among us with one of their chief weapons. In brief words, the logic of "Versailles" is this: Let us control carefully our dislike of fascist imperialism and Nazi barbarism, for we have made it ourselves and we rather than its direct agents are responsible for the danger it represents. Above all, let us refrain from repeating the error; another "victorious" war would mean another Versailles of an even worse character, and with consequences even more hideous and menacing than what confronts us today.

Thus it comes about that, at present, the evil which overshadows the earth feeds on what may seem best in us; our purest moral impulses are engaged in the service of triumphant immoralism. Need it be so forever? Is it inevitable that moral sensitiveness, reaching a certain degree, should make decent mankind defenseless in the face of its foes, and enable the powers that despise all moral fairness as a sign of vital degeneracy to enslave the world?

In fact over-indulgence in the attitude of moral self-reproach and self-chastisement is not always equivalent to sound morality. It may interfere with the objectivity of judgment no less than does pharisaical self-satisfaction; it is seldom without a tinge of snobbish pose; it may well cover less respectable mobiles of sheer cowardice and barren skepticism.

Instead of taking the dogma of "Versailles" for granted once for all, it might appear worth while inquiring into its truth a little more closely.

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By a great number of people who frankly disapprove of fascism in general and are anything but enthusiastic about the Third Reich in particular, we are told that the blame for these things lies at our own door. The Western Allies had pretended to wage the war in order to "make the world safe for democracy," but having secured their victory, they achieved the exact opposite; for they imposed on Germany a harsh and unjust peace which could not fail to arouse in that great nation a sense of being wronged and oppressed outrageously; the inevitable consequence was that it lost faith in democracy, humanitarian civilization, and peaceful collaboration altogether, and embracing an implacable anti-Western and anti-liberal creed of fascism and racialism, concentrated all its energies on the preparation of revenge and the attainment of a superior military efficiency. Versailles proves that real peace can only be obtained by peace, not by war; that "humanitarian" and "democratic" powers, if they manage to win a war, will not organize peace according to the principles they nominally profess but will keep faithful to the sordid traditions of power egoism and shortsighted imperialism. There is reason to believe, we are told further, that this would not change the next time, except for the worse, seeing that the next war would be far more murderous and devastating than the Great War itself. Hence, the effects produced in our defeated enemies—provided that we could defeat them—would be even more poisonous and, in due course, even more deleterious to ourselves. It follows therefrom that we must give up any idea of military resistance unconditionally, and choose peaceful capitulation in preference to another war invariably. We can do so with less bitterness and more resignation in considering that, after all, we are only being held accountable for our own fault.

I think this train of argument fundamentally erroneous. The errors from which it suffers can be mainly grouped under three headings. The first concerns an inadequate judgment of "Versailles" itself; the second, more important, a false psychology of Nazi-fascist imperialism even though the strongest possible condemnation of Versailles be granted; the third, most important of all, an illusive outlook on politics in general—no matter how far our present predicament is really attributable to the "crime of Versailles."

I shall say very little on the first of these three subjects. The peace terms of Versailles contained several injustices—and many more unnecessary and irritating petty pin pricks—but they were very far removed from anything which would justify the critic in speaking of a peace of predatory and oppressive imperialism. Only let us remember that the structure of German unity under Prussia's leadership was not interfered with; that, unlike the case of Austria and Hungary, the territorial losses inflicted on Germany were rather small; that France, the chief adversary, derived no territorial gain in Europe from its victory other than the recovery of the provinces of which it had been robbed fifty years before. Whether or no a terrible peace may explain the evolution of a terrible mentality in the vanquished, this was certainly not a terrible peace. It was certainly not comparable to what a *Deutscher Friede* would have meant. If its terms and its general aspect were not wholly free from a certain "punitive" character, it is still a matter for discussion whether such a punitive intention was, under the circumstances, so immoral as we generally assume today. But we need not go into that; let us admit that the peace could have been conceived with greater justice and, more particularly, with greater wisdom. Thus, in the first place, it would have been very much wiser either to maintain Austria as a federative empire or to tolerate the incorporation of German Austria, as desired by the vast majority of its inhabitants, in the German Republic. In the latter case, the German people might have experienced the victory of the Allies and the fall of the *ancien régime* as a positive gain for themselves—the fulfilment of their secular drive for national unity. Or again, inversely, it would probably have been wiser, though less just, to enforce the dismemberment of Germany. For supreme wisdom may coincide with supreme justice, but apart from that highest level, moral justice and practical wisdom are not always in a relation of mutual correspondence.

Anyhow, the post-Versailles policy of the Allies—or rather former Allies—has been characterized by an increasing degree of weakness, inconsistency, and disunity rather than harshness and injustice toward Germany. This is common knowledge, and I am certainly not the first to discover that this ineffectual and blundering policy has contributed to the rise of Nazism and the birth of German neo-imperialism more than did the blow of the Treaty of Versailles itself. There is no surer way of developing evil dispositions on a large scale in our adversary than to evoke first their germ by a fit of rough handling and then to encourage them systematically by reluctant yielding, by indecision and impotence, and, last but not least, by a display of guilt-consciousness on our own side. To explain the growth of reckless amoralism and savage aggressiveness in the individual or group mind by the sense of being wronged, by the fact of being oppressed, persecuted, and embittered—or by that alone—is poor psychology. The presence of temptation, the prospect of success, the consciousness of power, the perception of fear and debility in one's partners constitute even more potent factors in the fixation of such a ferocious and bullying mood. Nor is it true, however fondly many of us are attached to this dogma, that the urge for domination, the prideful satisfaction in imposing one's will on others, always springs from "weakness," a "sense of insecurity," or "instincts thwarted in their

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normal function." Unless we learn, . .elearn, that even though man may be more basically "good" than he is "evil," evil *is* an original potentiality not of German but of human nature, we shall not be able to cope with its manifestations, German or other.

Although in comparison with the Third Reich, Germany under Wilhelm was a highly civilized and likable country, its ways in both peace and war were most unpleasantly different from the ways of liberal Western mankind. The demerits of Prussia were often overstated by our war propaganda, but on the whole they were facts, not libelous figments. How "explain" this phenomenon? Not by the injustice of 1871. And why did not France, after 1871, develop anything in the semblance of fascism or Nazism, however moderate? How account for the fact, further, that after Versailles it took Germany fourteen years to go Nazi? Is it not curious that the first great wave of Nazism should have swept over Germany as late as 1930, just after the last French troops had left the Rhineland? Is it not disappointing that, apparently, the Austrian and Czechoslovakian conquests of 1938 have failed to turn the Third Reich into a community of reliable liberal pacifists? Finally, how are we to interpret the rise of Italian fascism, preceding Hitler's enthronement by a decade? Italy had been a victorious, not a defeated, power; it had derived profit and pride, not loss and humiliation, from the war. Nevertheless, unlike its co-victors, it soon fell a prey to fascism, elaborating this hardened form of Prussianism a good deal in advance of Germany. It may be argued that in spite of its ranking with the victors, Italy had to suffer a certain curtailment of its desires at the distribution of the gains. But surely the horrible phenomenon of fascism is quite out of proportion to this slight "injustice," if injustice there was. Now, if "Versailles" is not responsible for Italian fascism, perhaps, after all, it is not quite so evidently and exclusively responsible for Nazism either. The historical causes of such processes, and of their localization, are complex and manifold. It is not our business to unearth them. But let us get rid of the obsession that the Western powers, by committing the "crime of Versailles," created Nazism.

Our pacifist Germanophiles, always bent on persecuting superstition, prejudice, and self-righteousness, declare that there are no wicked nations. It is absurd to call "the Germans" "wicked." That is quite true; to say nothing of other arguments, it is proved by the case of fascist Italy. But unless we declare war on moral viewpoints altogether, there are wicked causes, and they may be represented, within certain periods, by certain nations. It would be foolish to assume that all or nearly all Germans are fascists and fanatic nationalists; it would be pointless to assume that the average German is intrinsically "worse" than the average Frenchman or Dutchman. However, an organized community does not derive its moral significance simply from the moral qualities of its members taken as statistical units: the spirit and law which inform that community, the mentality of the circles

SILENCE

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which rule it and are rooted in it, are decisive. Heaven forbid that Prussianism, Nazism, fascism should comprise now and command forever the souls of German and Italian mankind in its entirety; but Prussianism, Nazism, fascism *are* authentic and powerful realities with German and Italian lives and energies at their disposal. By ignoring or denying these powers we do not alter their reality; we merely disguise our surrender to them. And if the anti-humanitarian powers of fascism and racialism happen to be incarnate, in the first place, in present-day Italy and, probably with deeper historical foundations, in present-day Germany, "the Germans" and "the Italians" are at any rate more guilty of that than we are. *Our* supreme guilt consists, not in having "made" these powers, but in strengthening them by our sustained policy of concessions and self-surrender.

History did not begin with "Versailles"; nor did our freedom of choice end with "Versailles." It is impossible to act on the supposition that we have created the world and now just have to endure the consequences of our creation. To deplore that a situation should have arisen at all is not dealing with that situation; to submit to evil foes because we are not wholly innocent of their rise is not a policy. It is high time for us to become a little less absorbed in our responsibility for fascism and to recognize at last the fascists' responsibility for fascism. It would help if we felt a little less responsible for what happened to Germany some twenty years ago, and accordingly more responsible for what is going to happen to us, and to all mankind, next. In lamenting over the deception of Versailles and forecasting even more sinister prospects after another "victorious war," the prophets of pacifism take their departure from imaginary pretensions. The Western powers fought the war in order to protect themselves and their friends from Prussian hegemony, not out of a wanton desire to establish a cosmopolitan paradise on earth. They succeeded in obtaining their primary object, for a certain time at least; nor need they be ashamed of having made an attempt to realize their accessory aim, the creation of a legal order of mankind. Similarly, if we should fight fascist imperialism, we could not help fighting for the cause of mankind—whether with more durable effect or no, nobody can foretell—but, above all, we should be fighting for our elementary existence, national, economic, and spiritual; we should certainly not start a war as a wilful experiment in creating a nicer Germany or a more flawless world. It is therefore futile to stare at the specter of Versailles, and of a possible second Versailles. We ought to be afraid of our extinction, whether by arms or no, rather than of war; and in case of war we ought to be afraid of defeat rather than of victory. On no account must we acquiesce in the gloomy "psychological" dogma that, if we fight, we must turn into barbarians and daemonists "just like the enemy." Versailles is far from proving that; nor are we prisoners of a "Versailles" fatality. The danger we have to contemplate day and night is not a second Versailles but a second and more awful Brest-Litovsk, or, again, a second and more awful Munich.

Pocket Guide

SHAVING THE SOAP

SHAVING cream is the perfect example of a business that is non-essential and has been created entirely by advertising. There is no need for shaving cream and there never has been. It costs more than a cake of shaving soap and it does not work so well. Now don't say that you know all about shaving and I don't. Before you speak, read on a little farther.

How did this fantastic business grow up? Just before the war it seemed to men that everything about shaving must be modern to go with the safety razor. A modern razor demanded a modern kind of soap. Away with the old-fashioned shaving mug! Colgate's Rapid Shaving Cream, which appeared in 1914-15, was the first nationally successful cream. It was followed by a number of others. They were sold by a dramatization of the idea of speed. You saved time by using them and time was money. So you actually saved money by spending a little extra for the cream. But even to this day it surprises the ad men to find that men believe them when they say that it takes less time to use a tube of cream than a glass with a cake of soap in it.

At the peak this shaving-cream business amounted to $12,000,000 a year and showed a big profit. Some $3,000,000 went for advertising. Competition has now reduced the profit, and the depression, of course, dealt the business a blow. Many a man went back to using kitchen soap. Farmers and workmen who shave at the kitchen sink use the yellow bar they find lying there.

The electric razor has also cut down sales. Many men like the electric razor because with it they don't need to use either soap or cream. It doesn't give a close shave, but is being steadily improved and may do so after awhile.

For a tube of shaving cream you pay from 20 to 40 cents. But whatever you pay, the cost to the manufacturer is about the same. The tube is the most expensive part of the package, costing from 1 to 2 cents. An average 25-cent tube of shaving cream costs at most probably 3½ to 4½ cents to manufacture. Nobody makes shaving cream who doesn't make other soap products. The soap—not much is used in shaving creams—comes out of a big soap kettle where other soaps are mixed. Flavoring and glycerine, which cost little, are sometimes added. Glycerine, by the way, is drying and therefore bad for the skin.

The most successful shaving cream is also one of the most expensive—Barbasol. The cheaper tubes of shaving cream haven't gone well at all. The 5-and-10-cent stores sell large tubes at 20 cents. The chain drugstores offered a huge tube for 19 cents. This was an utter failure. The average man who hands out his money for a shaving cream wants an advertised brand.

A good-looking round 5-cent cake of shaving soap is on sale at the 5-and-10-cent stores. There's no money in it, and

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neither the manufacturer nor druggists care about selling it. It is never advertised. None the less, it has a large sale. Men like it because it is not only good but cheap—a 5-cent cake of soap will last two or three times as long as a 30- or 40-cent tube of cream.

A tube of shaving cream contains much less soap than such a 5-cent cake. But a brushless cream, the next step, sometimes contains no soap at all. It is merely a good vanishing cream, and most of its claims are nonsense. Men buy it because it seems so convenient not to use a brush. Goodness knows, it must be a monotonous and dreary thing to shave every day, and no wonder men eagerly try anything that promises a little relief. But all that a brushless cream can do is make hair stand up a little straighter. The men who use it because they think it is convenient are actually making their shaving harder.

Once a copywriter looked at some shaving cream through a microscope. He found there bubbles of various sizes. He had photomicrographs made of the smaller bubbles. Then he put a competitor's cream under the microscope and made a photomicrograph which showed definitely larger bubbles. Then the two pictures were shown to you side by side, and you were told that the smaller bubbles nestled down closer to the base of the whiskers. And would you believe it—that cream went straight up to the top in sales that year. The advertising was perfect—just the right mixture of plausible pseudo-scientific stuff and the time-saving appeal.

THE ASHCAN HAT

When a man who lives anywhere except in New York or Los Angeles buys a new hat he may be getting an "ashcan" hat. The *Consumers' Guide,* put out by the AAA, says: "These are second-hand hats that have been cleaned, blocked, and put on sale again. . . . The Federal Trade Commission forbids selling ashcan hats for new hats. . . . Final prohibition of this practice, however, depends upon local enforcement."

ON THE COOPERATIVE FRONT

Were you shocked by the story you read in the papers about how the Nazis were negotiating with American cooperatives for the barter of American farm products for German manufactured articles? Well, don't let it trouble you. The co-ops say there isn't a word of truth in it. It is reported that the story came out of the German embassy.

The first cooperative hospital-insurance services owned and operated by the consumers themselves have been started in St. Paul, Minnesota. Known as the Group Health Mutual and Group Health Association, they provide both hospital insurance and cooperative health service in Minnesota and Wisconsin. The hospital insurance will be at a basic rate of two cents a day.

DANGEROUS VAPORIZERS

The first dangerous therapeutic devices to be seized under the new Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act are vaporizing gadgets for spraying volatile oils into the nasal cavities. The government charges that they tend to blow infection into the sinuses and middle ear. Those seized include Syn-O-Scope, Nazoscope, Pen-E-Scope, Peranol, Hed-Klear, and Pate-O-Graph.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

WHEN LONDON'S Foreign Press Association convened recently, Sir John Anderson was the principal speaker. He gave a rather solemn talk, with only one unintended light note. Urging the correspondents not to believe that air-raid precautions were "in a muddle," Anderson announced that he had prepared a pamphlet describing civil-defense plans—"especially intended for gentlemen of the press and written in appropriately simple language."

THE ANNUAL report of the New York World's Fair, Inc., dated as of February 1, 1939, contains this announcement: "The Czechoslovak building will cover 24,000 square feet on the 50,000 square feet of ground space available. The history of the country, its early origin, and what it may expect in the future will be dramatized pictorially."

IN THE intense preparations made to insure Hitler's safety on his visit to Rome a year ago, a chief concern was guarding the railroad route. The distance from the Brenner Pass to Rome was split into ten sections, and each was assigned to an officer with full responsibility for Hitler's protection. The section from the Brenner Pass to Bologna, it is now reported, was in the hands of a Jewish engineer.

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT: From the bulletin "Peace Action" issued by the National Council for Prevention of War: "The British and French empires have indicated willingness to make reasonable concessions both to Germany and to Italy, provided the negotiations can be conducted on the basis of justice and not on a basis of force. Germany and Italy, too, ask only for justice; but interpretations differ. . . ."

IT IS noteworthy that *America,* the Jesuit weekly which exerts considerable influence in Catholic circles, has stated categorically that "every American Christian must be a conscientious objector in a world war where the United States is an ally of atheistic Russia." Although Catholic spokesmen have been vigorously isolationist, this is the most clear-cut utterance from an important Catholic source.

ONE OF the year's radio classics came from Station WHLS of Michigan, which was conducting a sponsored kiddies' amateur program. The announcer introduced a child singer, said that she was six years old, and asked her to dedicate her song. The six-year-old replied: "I dedicate this song to my mother and father, who are celebrating their first wedding anniversary."

WHILE NATION-WIDE publicity has been given to the German-American Bund's activities, Milwaukee German-Americans have become militantly anti-Nazi. Among other things they have staged anti-Nazi meetings, obtained the radio time formerly reserved for the local Nazis, and leased the site where the Bund's Camp Hindenburg stood. They have established their own camp and named it for Carl Schurz.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ENCOURAGING news has come out of Canada. On March 30 Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King declared in the Dominion House of Commons that his government would never conscript Canadians for service overseas. This was startling enough in view of the war excitement in which we live, and it was made more striking by the fact that Dr. R. J. Manion, leader of the formerly imperialistic Conservative Party, stated that it stood with Mackenzie King's Liberals in believing that there would never be any necessity for conscription again. That was news which could hardly have been read with pleasure in London; but beyond question it expressed the wishes of the bulk of the Canadian people, despite the fact that the Ontario legislature only a short time previously had voted for the mobilization of wealth and man-power to defend Great Britain if an emergency should arise.

Undoubtedly it is being charged in some quarters in Canada that this action represents a kotowing to the French Canadians, two of whose leaders had telegraphed to Mr. King that they and their followers would under no circumstances take part in a war in behalf of Great Britain. There was also a demonstration against conscription in the galleries of the Quebec legislature. This opposition of the French-speaking population of the Dominion to conscription is nothing new. With all its war-time power the Dominion government was not able during the World War to carry through conscription in all parts of Quebec. This seemed the more remarkable because the boys then being drafted for service overseas were to fight upon French soil; but the French Canadians, although they cling to their French language and customs, cannot be said to be particularly loyal to France. Most of them did not want to fight for the country their ancestors came from, and said so quite openly. However, the French Canadians are still only a considerable minority, and if the bulk of the Canadian people had favored conscription for the next war Mr. King and Dr. Manion would certainly have spoken for it.

The reason given by Mr. King was that changed conditions of warfare had brought about a marked decentralization of defense activities in the British Commonwealth and a greater preoccupation of each member thereof with its own defense problems. Mr. King then said that Canada would not give any binding promise to help Britain in any and every emergency, but that in the event of war the government would propose and the Parliament decide what the national course of action should be. Curiously enough, he said that Canada, while its Parliament might decide to stand by England in the next war, would not now give a definite commitment by legislative action "for fear of giving comfort to the enemy," which is certainly contrary, if the Prime Minister was correctly reported, to the usual belief that the more countries England and France can count on for aid, the greater will be the reluctance of Hitler and Mussolini to attack.

How fine it would be if we could get the leaders of all our parties to sign a joint declaration that there would never again be conscription in the United States! There is certainly no more need for it here than in Canada, unless we are going on the theory that we have got to fight all over the world in behalf of the "democracies." Unfortunately, if I am correctly informed, the theory of the next war upon which the War Department and General Staff are acting is that there will be immediate conscription of not less than 1,000,000 men. Indeed, it is constantly stated that the General Staff is planning to do over again in the next war what it did in 1917-18—raise an army of 3,000,000 men for service overseas. Now of course if we undertake to do only what the President has repeatedly said we should do, merely defend our coasts, anything like a million men is absolutely uncalled for, even though the army's present plan to have an immediately mobile force of 410,000 men has not yet been worked out. For 250,000 men, plus a good aviation force under one leadership, and the navy, would adequately hold off the 200,000 fighting men who experts say are all that could possibly be landed on our shores either by England or a combination of lesser powers—and then only if our fleet were destroyed.

All of which brings me back to the old point of contention that the country needs nothing so much today as to have objective observers not affiliated with the army or the navy or the Congress examine our military needs in the light of actual physical conditions, and especially from the point of view of ocean conditions—the difficulty of transportation, and the lack of sufficient ships in any country in the world to transport a really large force of men. If such a study were seriously and honestly made, the country would be convinced that we are not only in no danger of invasion on either front but more than equipped to take care of ourselves with the forces and ships that we have today. Least of all do we need conscription.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

DEATH OF SPAIN'S POET: ANTONIO MACHADO

BY WALDO FRANK

NEAR Figueras in the lush plain of northeastern Catalonia stands a *masía,* a stone farmhouse built in the thirteenth century by peasants. The ground floor is a stable, rank with the sweetness of manure; above it a huge kitchen with rough-hewn beams and copper pots hanging in the great hearth where the food of twenty-four generations has been roasted. Here on the night after the fall of Barcelona (January 27, 1939) Antonio Machado, Spain's noblest poet and one of the classic writers of our time, spent his last hours under a Spanish roof. As if to do him honor, perhaps not all unconsciously, forty men and women who, like him, had fled at the last moment from Barcelona shared with Machado the cold kitchen, sitting awake in darkness while the few candles died, until the dawn brought to them all a greater night. Among them were some of the first intellectuals of Spain, men who two and a half years ago set aside their life work in order to save the life of the republic: Pedro Carrasco, director of the Madrid Astronomical Observatory; Emilio Mira, leading psychiatrist; J. Pous y Pages, president of the Catalan Institute of Letters; Enrique Rioja, naturalist; J. Roy-Gomer, geologist; Joaquín Xirau, dean of the University of Barcelona; Carlos Riba, one of the best of the Catalan poets; and Tomás Navarro Tomás, librarian of the Biblioteca Nacional of Madrid and one of the world's foremost authorities on phonetics.

It rained all night; from time to time a gun spoke, a shell whined. Machado sat with the women on the benches, while the robuster men squatted on the draft-swept floor. Machado's body was bent and already in part defeated by a slow creeping sickness. Two years before, in Madrid, he had written to a friend: "I am old and sick; old because I am past sixty,* which is many years for a Spaniard; sick because the most important viscera of my body have agreed not properly to perform their functions. Nevertheless, I believe that there is something in me little related to my physiological ruin and which appears to imply health and youth of spirit." When the order came in November, 1936, to quit Madrid for Valencia, Machado spoke to a gathering of friends and comrades. He explained how he had sought service in every department of the army and been refused. He explained why, unlike so many of his illustrious colleagues, he could not accept a haven abroad, in Europe, in Russia, in America, from among the many that had been urged on him. "There can be no eloquence today in Spain," he said, "except the eloquence of the soldier. Sad it is to be condemned, as I am, to the pen. Only one valid currency remains in which to pay our debt to our people: our lives."

There was little talk in the Catalan *masía* at that last *tertulia* of a generation of intellectuals in their Spain. Doubtless, while they sat huddled in the chill dark fitfully etched by candles, the lives of each dwelt with them, quiet and full, as at a lucid death.

The night following was Antonio Machado's last in Spain. But he did not spend it with his intellectual companions, or under a roof; he passed it on foot with the humble people on the road, under the rain and the alien assault of the fascists. Too close-packed to fall, they crept to the frontier: men and women who could not face the Lie which alone can purchase life now for the conscious Spaniard who stays in Spain. Many of the refugees near Machado were wounded soldiers: he saw the rain dissolve their bandages; saw the blood and the bared bone and the sick flesh touch the drenched clothes of their comrades. There were children in mothers' arms; there were old women—one, the mother of Antonio Machado, who had constantly refused to leave him. The half-crippled poet walked within this dolorous body of his people, the hand of his aged mother to sustain him and on the other side the strong hand of his friend, Navarro Tomás —walked out of the present agony of Spain, within the Spain which by strength of spirit and vision like his will survive him.

"When you find in my words a sure note, know," he said, "that I am teaching you something which I have learned of the people." That parting of Antonio Machado from Spain and from his life was informed with the plastic reality of his poems. Within the anguish of the hundred thousands he came to the French frontier, the political frontier; for the France he loved, whose language and literature he had earned his daily bread for forty years by teaching, had no shut frontier from Spain. But there was a barbed-wire fence, and Senegalese soldiers, red-fezzed, their black faces blotted in the dark, ordered by their white officers to "treat the Spaniards rough." Political France. Machado knew all about it. He knew how the Spanish people had been betrayed through the cowardice of Léon Blum, who did not dare to swing

*Machado was born in Seville in 1875.

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his nation with a beneficent and intelligent brave act, as Daladier two and a half years later dared to swing his nation, with a stupid and dastardly act. He knew how the big men had delayed, how the little men had grown fat on the munitions they allowed to dribble through—never enough for a real Loyalist offensive. He knew of the huge stores of guns and shells on which Negrin had counted for the defense of Catalonia, and which had been held up at the border—through whose treachery?—until it was too late. (Spain's soldiers were used to a one-to-four inferiority of arms, but one-to-twenty broke them.) Machado also knew the irony of Africans at this scene of the death of Europe, of the death of Great France; and bore the unknowing Negroes no ill-will.

Those last hours at the margin of his country, at the margin of an epoch, while the frantic screaming women, parted from their men, covering their babies with their bodies, were herded past the wires, and the rain beat down, are the true last hours in the life of Antonio Machado. Actually, he did not succumb quite yet. Friends found him and his mother shelter on the floor of a freight car. Navarro Tomás got to Perpignan and returned with money. Machado was put to bed in a small hotel in Collicure, still lucid and serene. And there, surrounded with whatever creature comforts the little French village could procure, he died. (His mother died a few days later.) Twenty years before he had written a poem called "Self-Portrait," of which these are the first and the last lines:

> My infancy is memory of a patio of Seville,
> a sunclear garden where the lemon tree matures. . . .
>
> And when the day comes of my final voyage,
> when the ship sails that never may return,
> you will find me on board light of luggage,
> almost naked like the sons of the sea.

Three brief years ago Spain possessed in its two active generations four poets, all from southern Andalusia, outstanding among a large group whose equals could not be found in Europe. Of the older, known as "the generation of 1898," were Antonio Machado and Juan Ramón Jiménez, the master of all the aesthetes of the Hispanic world; and of the younger generation were Federico García Lorca and Rafael Alberti. García Lorca was shot in the early months by the Guardia Civil of Granada while the bourgeois of his native town cowered and looked on. Alberti took his post, with his brave wife, María Teresa León, in Madrid, where they remained until this March. Jiménez, although always clear in his solidarity to the republic, could not harmonize his way of the recluse and aesthete with the tough needs of the hour and went to Cuba, later to the United States, to help the cause in exile. Machado deepened as man and writer; and within a year of the conflict he was no longer judged one of the Four, but acknowledged by all the first poet of Spain.

His production was not prolific, but so dense, so potent, so organic in form, that its high place in the literature of our age is certain. It begins—already a perfect music perfectly voiced—as part refrain, part dissidence, in the beauty and boredom of old Spain. The early poems articulate the static plasticity of the land whose soil and sun and soul were all immobilized together. Soon appears the longing for fluidity and release. The sea becomes Machado's symbol. He quotes his master, the great Juan Manrique (from whom he stems as Jiménez from Góngora):

> Our lives are the rivers
> which go to give to the sea
> that is our dying. . . .

The attention is personal—and eternal. When he loses his wife, he compares his bereaved heart with the sea. Intellectual research appears: doubts, soon to become dynamic aspiration from Spain's stance.

> In my early youth
> many a clear thing I saw
> which was not the truth.

Turned forty, Machado had attained metaphysical maturity and social consciousness.

> The eye which you see is not
> eye because you see it;
> it is eye because it sees you.

"Russia and Spain," he prophesies before 1917, "some day will meet as two profoundly Christian peoples, when both have shaken off the yoke of the church that divides them." Wit makes its appearance, sharp and wise as a Socialist Pascal's: the classic Spanish humor of Spain's tragic poets.

> In the sea of woman,
> few founder at night;
> many at the dawn.

His last volume of verse is called "La Guerra." Within wars Machado sings of the spring "stronger than war," the spring that has flowered in this war, in the lives of the soldiers, and in that other avatar of Spain's arduous, ever ardent body, her friends and *huertas*. The prose of this last phase, "Sayings of Juan de Mairena," denotes the final synthesis of the man grown sweet and serene within accepted tragedy. Here are samples:

> Learn to doubt, son, and you will achieve doubting your own doubt.
>
> Thus God rewards the skeptic and confounds the believer.
>
> Forget not, it is as easy to take his baton from a master as it is difficult to conduct with it a symphony of Beethoven.
>
> Let me remind you of something which the little chil-

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A Diary *of the* French Revolution

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

☛"I am convinced that this book is of the most sensational importance — its publication an event equal in literary and historical annals to the first publication of the Memoirs of Saint-Simon, Pepys' Diary, the Private Papers of James Boswell, the Memoirs of Casanova. In fact, it combines some of the best features of all five, plus an ease and felicity of expression and a subtlety of which none of the others, except Saint-Simon, possessed. Of utmost value, too, are the brilliant, wittily phrased, and concisely informative footnotes by the editor, Beatrix Cary Davenport. ☛This first complete and unexpurgated edition of Morris' Parisian diaries for the momentous years 1789-1793 gives an eye-witness account of the events leading up to the Terror — an account full of the most dramatic suspense and enlivened by a running narrative of a hundred little comedies and tragedies." — *Burton Rascoe in Newsweek.* Illustrated. 2 Vols. $9.00

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America *at* War

BY FREDERIC L. PAXSON

☛This second volume of "American Democracy and the World War" follows "Pre-War Years" and analyzes our successes and failures in mobilizing man-power and industry for the last war — a particularly timely subject today when America is embarking on a vast program for preparedness. $3.75

Night Rider

BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

☛"A fine first novel . . . Old Christian, the organizer, who named his dogs after young ladies he used to admire, and leered murderously, 'I just hate to think how easy it is to inflame my passions;' Professor Ball, pious, slyly literate, who was always spitting 'with that quick, viper-like forward thrust of his long neck;' Sukie, who knew that a man would make love or murder equally to warm the cold inside him — these are indelibly drawn." — *Hassoldt Davis in the New York Times* ☛"An extraordinary first novel. The story of Perse Munn, a lawyer, caught in the web of mingled violence and passion is handled with remarkable power." — *Clifton Fadiman in the New Yorker* $2.50

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Invisible Empire

BY STANLEY HORN

☛Incredible though it may seem, the full story of the old Ku Klux Klan has never been told. Why? Because the Klan had no written records and Klansmen would not talk. Hated, feared, admired in the day of its power, the Ku Klux Klan has been bitterly attacked and passionately defended ever since. Years of research have been required to dispel the mystery and piece together the true picture, which turns out to be just as fabulous as rumor has painted it. Illustrated. $3.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY *Publishers*

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dren know well and the men too often forget: It is harder to walk on two feet than to fall on all fours.

When Christ returns, he will preach pride to the humble, even as yesterday he preached humility to the proud.

In the war years Machado was surrounded by friends, mostly young poets in uniform—soldiers on two fronts—who, loving what he served, loved him. He was the inspiriting and critical heart of the group which produced, month after month, *Hora de España,* to my mind the most remarkable literary effort born of any war, and proof to me that Spain's struggle against the world's betrayal is a cultural birth which must not die. Machado was no jingo patriot. He knew Spain's isolation and the deadly logic of insufficient guns. He knew the impotence of the good-will in France and England. When I told him in Barcelona of the cables I was sending to our President and Senators, urging them to lift our nefarious and unlawful embargo against what was probably the most legitimate government in the world—the government of Spain, in which Republicans, Socialists, Communists, Catholics, Anarchists, all served together, Machado smiled at me with his warm dark eyes and said nothing. Never did I hear him speak the words "victory" or "defeat." He dwelt on a plane of deeper realization. As eternity is within time, so Spain, he knew, was enacting her victory within the battle. Already in 1917 he had written:

> But another Spain is born,
> a Spain of the chisel and the roller,
> with that eternal youth which springs
> of the tough past of the race.
>
> A Spain implacable and redeemer,
> a Spain that dawns
> with ax in hand;
> the Spain of fury and of the Idea. . . .

It is good for us to see Antonio Machado on his last march, within the dolor of his beloved people. All of us are accomplices of that night of horrible death. The workers of France and England are among his murderers because they lacked in their good-will the audacity, the purity, the power which their foes have displayed in serving evil. Franklin D. Roosevelt is among the murderers. Mr. President: men and women throughout the world, seduced by your power and your honeyed words, have flattered you. Know the truth. As the stricken poet goes his last journey through that dolorous night which is our night also, under the planes of fascists who make a sport of spraying with machine-gun fire the fleeing men and women, you are among the murderers. Even as late as last summer the lifting of the illegal American embargo against Spain would have turned the tide in Europe: the peoples of France and Britain were rising against their rulers; the Chamberlains and Daladiers were wavering; a word from you would have been irresistible. Yet with full knowledge of the facts, with avowed love of the faith for which Spain bled, with none of the overwhelming obstacles to action which stultified France and England, you did not lift a finger to implement your pleasant phrases about democracy and justice.

And we, intellectuals of America, are among the murderers, because we failed to find the true word to unlock the latent generosity of our people and to arouse the intelligence which, for our own good, would have moved us—by granting Spain its rights—to prevent the death of Spain's republic.

TWO RECENT POEMS

BY W. B. YEATS

The Statues

Pythagoras planned it. Why did the people stare?
His numbers though they moved or seemed to move
In marble or in bronze, lacked character.
But boys and girls pale from the imagined love
Of solitary beds knew what they were,
That passion could bring character enough;
And pressed at midnight in some public place
Live lips upon a plummet-measured face.

No; greater than Pythagoras, for the men
That with a mallet or a chisel modeled these
Calculations that look but casual flesh, put down
All Asiatic vague immensities,
And not the banks of oars that swam upon
The many-headed foam at Salamis.
Europe put off that foam when Phidias
Gave women dreams and dreams their looking-glass.

One image crossed the many-headed, sat
Under the tropic shade, grew round and slow,
No Hamlet thin from eating flies, a fat
Dreamer of the Middle Ages. Empty eyeballs knew
That knowledge increases unreality, that
Mirror on mirror mirrored is all the show.
When gong and conch declare the hour to bless
Grimalkin crawls to Buddha's emptiness.

When Pearse summoned Cuchullain to his side,
What stalked through the Post Office? What intellect,
What calculation, number, measurement, replied?
We Irish, born into that ancient sect
But thrown upon this filthy modern tide
And by its formless, spawning fury wrecked,
Climb to our proper dark, that we may trace
The lineaments of a plummet-measured face.

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Long-Legged Fly

That civilization may not sink
Its great battle lost,
Quiet the dog, tether the pony
To a distant post.
Our master Caesar is in the tent
Where the maps are spread,
His eyes fixed upon nothing,
A hand under his head.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence.

That the topless towers be burnt
And men recall that face,
Move most gently if move you must
In this lonely place.
She thinks, part woman, three parts a child,
That nobody looks; her feet
Practice a tinker shuffle
Picked up on the street.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
Her mind moves upon silence.

That girls at puberty may find
The first Adam in their thought,
Shut the door of the Pope's Chapel,
Keep those children out.
There on that scaffolding reclines
Michael Angelo.
With no more sound than the mice make
His hand moves to and fro.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence.

Testament of a Liberal

FIGHTING YEARS. By Oswald Garrison Villard. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD united two inherited strains: the New England abolitionist and the German revolutionist of '48. Although he nowhere says so, this descent must have put upon him a duty to live worthily of such ancestry. To this sense of obligation it is easy to trace the tenderness of conscience, the moral thoughtfulness, that made him watchful of his own course of action and critical of that of his countrymen. Added to this was the responsibility to make return for the opportunities afforded him by inherited means.

And one thing for which Mr. Villard and his readers must be grateful to his father's business success is a "boyhood of wonder and hope," a youth of education and rich culture. New York in the eighties, Harvard in the early nineties, country life at Dobbs Ferry, journeys to the West for the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad and camping in the Tetons, years in Europe, especially in Germany, by virtue of which Villard possessed two languages and cultures—these make an idyllic opening for his memoirs. The last two decades of the century were a "glad confident morning" for the generation which grew up in them, and found in Browning their favorite poet. The idyl was broken by the war with Spain, the year after Villard joined the staff of the *Evening Post,* and the subsequent conquest of the Philippines. In view of the fact that Spain had made every concession demanded, Villard's words about the man responsible for this "criminally needless" war are not too severe. "The blood of every American who died in that war and in the subsequent Philippine hostilities rests squarely upon the head of William McKinley."

Even after the turn of the century the years were hopeful. The disillusionment with Roosevelt was balanced by the faith in Wilson. Villard worked with McAdoo and McCombs for the nomination of Wilson, at which, he says, "my joy was greater than that I have ever felt over any political happening"; but he adds, "I have long since come to believe that it would have been better for the country had Champ Clark been nominated." Wilson's betrayal of the "New Freedom" began, for Villard, with his refusal to do anything for the Negro. It continued with his attack on Vera Cruz, which cost the lives of 400 Mexicans, chiefly boy cadets. It culminated in his adoption of preparedness, to deprive the Republicans of that political issue, and to make ready for entrance into the war, which had already become inevitable by reason of his commitments to the Allies.

Then came the nightmare. For Villard these were truly fighting years, in the course of which he lost control of the *Evening Post* but retained *The Nation,* which as a national weekly he made a more effective instrument in his opposition to the madmen who were leading the world down the ways of destruction. His great adventure was his dash into Germany in 1919, in spite of the prohibition of the Allies, where he attended the Bavarian Landtag in Munich on the day on which Kurt Eisner was murdered. He furnished Colonel House and Mr. Hoover with evidence of the starvation of the German people under the blockade.

Mr. Villard finds one of the foremost reasons for the powerlessness of the intelligent minority in the multiplicity of needs and issues which challenge its attention. "The human mind cannot react simultaneously to horrors in Ethiopia, slaughtering in Spain, and indescribable massacres in China. The wellsprings of human emotion are inevitably sucked dry." He thus recognizes, perhaps unconsciously, the strain to which as a journalist he subjected the emotional capacities of his readers. Yet no one of good-will would wish absent from his record any one of the causes to which he gave himself so generously. The number is amazing: first, the status of the Negro, which he inherited as a sacred trust from his abolitionist grandfather and loyally fulfilled, most strikingly in the foundation of the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People. The emancipation of women came to him from the same source. Love of Germany was his father's gift, strengthened by association with relatives and friends. With no sympathy for the Kaiserlich regime he tried desperately to keep the United States out of

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the war, and later tried with equal zeal to secure that just treatment of Germany by which alone the peace of the world could be secured. He opposed Wilson's war with Russia, and by his revelation of conditions there aided in obtaining the recall of the American armies. He fought the battle of the conscientious objectors, and that of the victims of the Espionage Act and of Palmer's red raids. He exposed the atrocious conduct of officers and soldiers in Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua, by which 3,250 persons in Haiti alone were the victims of "indiscriminate killings." He favored the unionization of the workers of the *Evening Post*, at an increased expense of $70,000, and supported the Newspaper Guild. In the case of the judicially murdered workers, Sacco and Vanzetti, he personally took Ramsay MacDonald to see Governor Fuller, in order to put before him the opinion of the civilized world that they did not have a fair trial.

Villard's financial and intellectual independence made him a thorn in the side of journals whose object was profit. The *Times* and the *Tribune* of New York pursued him with inveterate hate. When a small group of white and colored people met in 1908 to discuss the economic relations of the two races, the *Times* cursed "the flabby-minded persons who assembled to talk about and to exemplify the 'social equality' of the races," and decided that the meeting was an effort on the part of Socialists "to destroy society, and with it the home and religion." Later, in connection with the Haiti exposures, the *Times* described *The Nation* as "if not actually Bolshevik, so near it that the distinction is not visible to the naked eye." Before the New York State Reconstruction Commission after the war, Villard spoke of the Russian experiment as one to be watched without prejudice. The next day the *Tribune* carried a front-page story to the effect that he had "advocated a Soviet form of government for the United States," and though he immediately sent a denial the *Tribune* followed with an editorial backing up the lie. "A personal protest to Mrs. Ogden Reid was never acknowledged." The animus against him arose from the fact that Villard had betrayed his class. During the war his family suffered a form of ostracism, particularly bitter for his children. He was in personal danger more than once. After the war, in 1921, he was scheduled to speak at Cincinnati before the City Club and the Women's City Club. The Reverend Frank H. Stevenson declared from his pulpit that "an aroused people should be as prompt in muzzling him as they were in stopping the illiterate discourses at the Communist headquarters." While he was speaking, members of the Bentley Post of the American Legion tried to fight their way into the hall, and after the lecture the police drove him to Dayton to take a train, stating that they would not guarantee his life in Cincinnati, where legionnaires were patrolling the streets. He must have remembered William Lloyd Garrison, dragged through the streets of Boston and lodged in jail to protect him from the mob.

Oswald Villard has written a book which summarizes and completes a long, almost unexampled career of public service. As a journalist he had an extraordinary flair for finding out things which the people should know, and the independence to publish them without fear or favor. His book is a summary of this enlightened journalism, a record of its results, a comment on the history of this country for forty years. The role of Cassandra which he had so often to play is an ungrateful one, and the compensation of "I told you so" is not spiritually rewarding. It is to Mr. Villard's credit that among the Jeremiahs he preserves his good humor, his faith, his optimism. This attitude comes from the realization that in a multitude of cases the views which he once expressed in the teeth of bitter opposition are now held by nearly all those who are capable of reflection. By virtue of humane principles, and the sincerity and persistence with which he applied them, he deserves the words which he so truly writes of the elder La Follette: "He was of that small company who, whatever their mistakes, were inevitably and eternally right."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

New Green on Old Hills

GOD'S VALLEY—PEOPLE AND POWER ALONG THE TENNESSEE RIVER. By Willson Whitman. The Viking Press. $3.

AS A Southerner I should distrust Miss Whitman, who has examined us and reported: "Down South in the old days they used to make biscuits rise by beating them; that's the hard way." The ways were hard enough undoubtedly, but I suspect that here Miss Whitman is talking about the beaten biscuit which, far from being an evidence of our difficulties, was almost a symbol, like the magnolia or the moon, of that South which was farther from the lash than the lullaby. The poor cooked their bread in the ashes, corn meal and water, generally without salt, and, with salt pork in the cabbage, even the most fortunate of Southerners came to regard it as very palatable. But biscuits were beaten only in the big house. They went with Smithfield ham and scuppernong wine and linen doilies heavily embroidered. A slab of marble and a baseball bat were as essential cooking utensils in the one-time South as the egg-beater is now. And in those days cooking, which included making beaten biscuits, was an occupation calling for physical power in the kitchen. Gradually in a weakening world such lambasting of the dough disappeared from the kitchens, and as far as I know, not even the possibility of TVA power has brought biscuit-beating back.

But it has profoundly altered other more important aspects of living in the whole long valley of the Tennessee. And Miss Whitman, if she missed the significance of the beaten biscuit in the South, has missed the meaning of little else involved in the change worth describing, as Miss Whitman does by way of introduction in the terms of a "Green Pastures" God. She has shown the great good sense, which so many planners and the chroniclers of planners fail to display, of recognizing that the world with which she is dealing is part of a historical continuity and that the people in it are not only human beings deserving the benefits of planning but also such humans as sometimes seem to prefer old meandering to new marching. She begins back of that point in the forest and in time where "D Boon Cilled a Bar," and she sees the ends of TVA in terms of new green on old hills, new safety from the menace of flood, new power, new promise, and especially a better chance for the white people and the black people of the valley, who have so long been so poor beside old resources. And in anger she sees new op-

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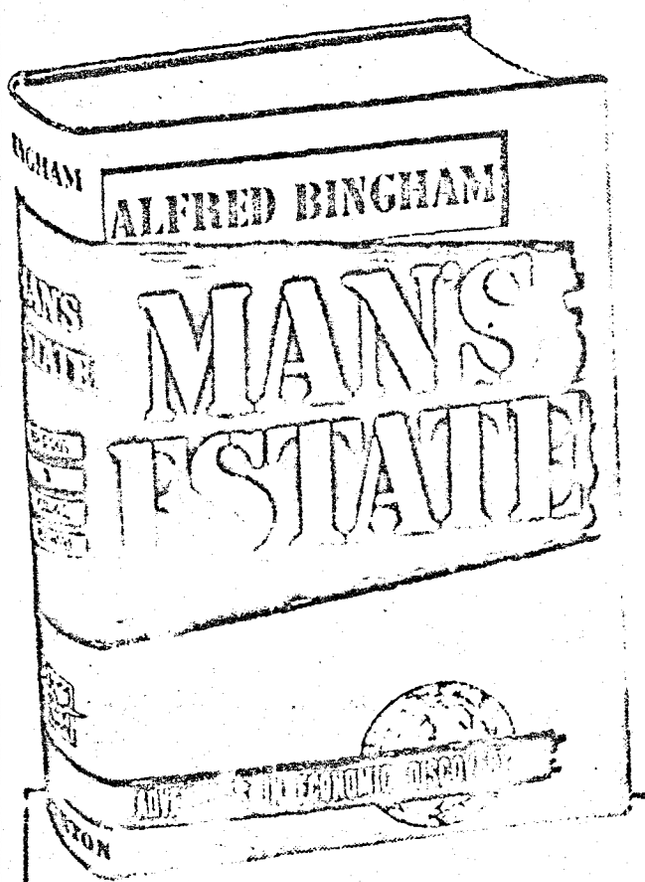

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pression imposed by a few who grab the benefits meant for all.

Her story, indeed, is necessarily as complex as an amazingly twisting river which runs not only out of the little lost coves in the Smokies but out of a mixed history of Indians and Scotchmen and Confederates and Republicans, runs into all the puzzling questions which grow with cotton on the stalk, runs past the angry drama of Scottsboro, the new bitterness of new sweatshops in Tupelo, on with the threat of flood to Paducah, Cairo, the Mississippi, and the sea.

And I think Miss Whitman has told the story of that river not only with honesty but, which is rarer even in this wicked world, with that clarity in her own mind which makes clarity in the mind of the reader. Hundreds of men have been busy for years making TVA confusing. They have succeeded, I think, in making it seem only the scene for a fight over power. Public-utility executives and public-power advocates have both contributed to this confusion. And undoubtedly the emphasis which they put upon electric power is the primary emphasis in TVA. But flood control and national defense and fertilizers and navigation and all the other lesser aspects of the coordinated development of a river valley not only have part in the plan of TVA but important results to show in TVA. And advocate though she is, angry partisan as she sometimes is when describing such a man as Rex Reed, the garment manufacturer who was happy to get TVA power but who fought C. I. O. wage and recognition demands in Tupelo, Miss Whitman has, I think, drawn the full picture of the Tennessee Valley Authority in clearer and more understandable terms than has yet been done by anybody else.

It is pure coincidence undoubtedly but an interesting one that the two most satisfactory books (to me) which have been written about TVA for the layman, the taxpayer, the power consumer, and the citizen have both been written by women. Perhaps these two ladies have had the good sense not to undertake such a technical and financial discussion of the Authority as would confuse not only them but their readers also. But despite Miss Whitman's ignorance about beaten biscuits, I think that there may be some good housekeeping quality still left in the entirely emancipated feminine minds of Miss Whitman and Odette Keun ("A Foreigner Looks at TVA," Longmans). Each at least has caught and presented with well-swept clarity the idea of an area intelligently developed for the use and happiness of man. No fine-spun theories bind either of them. Neither of them is caught in the maze of tradition. They look with clear feminine eyes at a valley better for the people in it: and they are pleased. Like the pudding and the eating, the pleasure is the proof. Perhaps TVA is more complicated than this, as certainly the lawyers would insist. Indeed, there are bewildering problems left for engineer, farmer, politician, and planner. Miss Whitman has not answered with any certainty all the big questions the citizen and the technician must face together. But she has, I think, provided the best basis for the beginning of wisdom about TVA. And she has written it with vividness, understanding, good humor, and flashes of a fine feminine wit. A woman who can see so clearly and write so well may even in the South be forgiven a lapse over a lambasted biscuit.

JONATHAN DANIELS

Hungry Caravan

THE GRAPES OF WRATH. By John Steinbeck. The Viking Press. $2.75.

THIS is in many ways the most moving and disturbing social novel of our time. What is wrong with it, what is weak in it, what robs it of the stature it clearly attempts, are matters that must presently be pointed out; but not at once. First it should be pointed out that "The Grapes of Wrath" comes at a needed time in a powerful way. It comes, perhaps, as "The Drapier's Letters" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or some of the social novels of Zola came. It burns with no pure gemlike flame, but with hot and immediate fire. It is, from any point of view, Steinbeck's best novel, but it does not make one wonder whether, on the basis of it, Steinbeck is now a better novelist than Hemingway or Farrell or Dos Passos; it does not invoke comparisons; it simply makes one feel that Steinbeck is, in some way all his own, a force.

The publishers refer to the book as "perhaps the greatest single creative work that this country has produced." This is a foolish and extravagant statement, but unlike most publishers' statements, it seems the result of honest enthusiasm, and one may hope that the common reader will respond to the book with an enthusiasm of the same sort. And perhaps he will, for "The Grapes of Wrath" has, overwhelmingly, those two qualities most vital to a work of social protest: great indignation and great compassion. Its theme is large and tragic and, on the whole, is largely and tragically felt. No novel of our day has been written out of a more genuine humanity, and none, I think, is better calculated to awaken the humanity of others.

Throughout the Southwest hundreds of thousands of small farmers and share-croppers have been driven, by the banks and the big landowners, from their farms—to move westward, with their families, in a dusty caravan of jalopies, to California. To California, because handbills lure them there with promises of work. But the real purpose of the handbills is to flood the California market with such a surplus of workers that the price of labor sinks to almost nothing. Hungry men, by accepting lower wages, oust ill-paid men from their jobs; then, in desperation, the ousted men snatch the jobs back at wages even lower. The result is a horde of the starving and homeless, living in filth in roadside camps, forever wandering, all thought of security ended.

In the fate of one such family—the Joads of Oklahoma—John Steinbeck has told the fate of all. Their fate is the theme of an angry and aroused propagandist, but the Joads themselves are the product of a lively novelist. A racy, picturesque, somewhat eccentric tribe, with certain resemblances to Erskine Caldwell's Georgia exhibits, the Joads—mean, merry, shameless Grandpa; brooding, conscience-stricken Uncle John; strong, tough, understanding Ma; Al, a squint thinking only of women and cars; Tom, who has been in prison for killing a man in a brawl—the Joads, with their salty, slanting speech, their frank and boisterous opinions, their unrepressed, irrepressible appetites, would, in a stable world, be the stuff of rich folk-comedy. But suddenly uprooted and harassed, they are creatures forced to fight for their very existence. During the first half of Steinbeck's long book the Joads, both as people and as symbols, have tre-

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prodigious vitality. Steinbeck's account of this one family leaving home and journeying forth in a rickety makeshift truck is like some night-lighted, rude Homeric chronicle of a great migration. It has a vigor, as of half-civilized, half-heroic adventuring, that almost blots out the sense of its desperate origins and painful forebodings.

But after the Joads reach California, something—a kind of inner life—disappears from the book. The economic outrage, the human tragedy are made brutally clear. The chronicle of the Joads remains vivid; the nature of their fate becomes ever more infuriating. As a tract, the book goes on piling up its indictment, conducting the reader on a sort of grand tour of exploitation and destitution. And all this has, emotionally at least, a very strong effect. But somehow the book ceases to grow, to maintain direction. It is truly enough a story of nomads; but from that it does not follow that the proletarian novel must fall into the loose pattern of the picaresque novel. Artistically speaking, the second half of "The Grapes of Wrath," though it still has content and suspense, lacks form and intensity. The people simply go on and on, with Steinbeck left improvising and amplifying until —with a touch of new and final horror—he abruptly halts.

"The Grapes of Wrath" is a superb tract because it exposes something terrible and true with enormous vigor. It is a superb tract, moreover, by virtue of being thoroughly animated fiction, by virtue of living scenes and living characters (like Ma), not by virtue of discursive homilies and dead characters (like the socialistic preacher). One comes away moved, indignant, protesting, pitying. But one comes away dissatisfied, too, aware that "The Grapes of Wrath" is too unevenly weighted, too uneconomically proportioned, the work of a writer who is still self-indulgent, still undisciplined, still not altogether aware of the difference in value of various human emotions. The picturesqueness of the Joads, for example, is fine wherever it makes them live more abundantly, but false when simply laid on for effect. Steinbeck's sentimentalism is good in bringing him close to the lives of his people, but bad when it blurs his insight. Again, the chapters in which Steinbeck halts the story to editorialize about American life are sometimes useful, but oftener pretentious and flatulent.

But one does not take leave of a book like this in a captious spirit. One salutes it as a fiery document of protest and compassion, as a story that had to be told, as a book that must be read. It is, I think, one of those books—there are not very many—which really do some good.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Betrayal in Europe

EUROPE ON THE EVE. By Frederick L. Schuman. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

"EUROPE ON THE EVE" can hardly be too highly praised. It should be read by everybody who wishes to know how the present deplorable situation in Europe has come about. Professor Schuman shows by evidence the validity of which cannot be contested, and for which he gives his references in the copious notes at the end of the book, that the big responsibility for the present state of Europe rests on the governments that have successively held office in England and France since 1933. The publishers are indeed justified in describing the story as "shocking." It is a record of duplicity, bad faith, fraud, and violation of treaty obligations, such as must be unprecedented in the history of European diplomacy.

There was only one break in the melancholy story—the eight months in 1934 during which Louis Barthou was Foreign Minister of France. Professor Schuman recognizes the brilliant diplomacy of that interesting man, who showed in the last months of his life higher qualities than anybody had previously believed him to possess. Barthou's assassination at Marseilles on October 9, 1934, was a disaster to Europe. It is quite possible that the German and Italian governments, which were behind the assassin, aimed more at Barthou than at King Alexander of Yugoslavia.

The few mistakes or omissions in "Europe on the Eve" do not detract from the great value of the book. Some are quite trivial. For example, Pierre Laval is not and never was "a devout Catholic," and Pierre Etienne Flandin has never been a member of the Radical Party, as Professor Schuman supposes. He has always been a Conservative and a prominent member of the right center group to which Paul Reynaud also belonged.

Professor Schuman is, in my opinion, mistaken in saying that the "Polish flirtation with the Reich was in some measure a consequence of the French flirtation with Moscow," which was a very mild flirtation until Barthou took office. The estrangement of Poland from France began with the Four-Power Pact, to which the Poles were quite right in objecting, for it was an attempt to substitute a directorate of the four great Western powers for the League of Nations. It was also aimed against Russia. What finally decided Pilsudski to sign the non-aggression agreement with Germany on January 26, 1934, was the discovery that Daladier had been secretly negotiating with Hitler through Fernand de Brinon. Even then Beck, on Pilsudski's instructions, told Paul-Boncour, the French Foreign Minister, at Geneva that Poland would not sign the pact if France would adopt a firm policy toward Germany.

When Professor Schuman says that "the U. S. S. R. was certain of admission to the League by the necessary two-thirds' vote under Article I of the Covenant without Poland's vote," he forgets that the unanimous consent of the League Council, of which Poland was a member, was necessary to give Soviet Russia a permanent seat on the Council. When he says that Léon Blum induced the French Cabinet on July 25, 1936, to forbid all arms shipments to Spain, Professor Schuman is confusing the embargo, which was not decided on until August 8, with the non-intervention proposal, which, if I am not mistaken, was adopted by the Cabinet on August 2, not July 25. The reason why Blum agreed to the embargo was that the leading Radical ministers threatened to resign if he did not, after the threats of the British ambassador to Paris, Sir George Clerk.

There is an obvious slip in a date on page 110. The joint Franco-Russian declaration was issued at Geneva on December 5, 1934, not 1935.

But these few errors, as I have said, do not detract from the great value of Mr. Schuman's book. On the contrary it is

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remarkable that they are so few and in most cases so unimportant considering the scope and complexity of the subject. ROBERT BEN

The Art of Katherine Anne Porter

PALE HORSE, PALE RIDER. By Katherine Anne Porter. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE appearance of one of Katherine Anne Porter's stories in a magazine is an event that occurs on the average less than once a year. The publication of a book by her is an occasion for considerable excitement. According to her publishers, Miss Porter was born in 1894. In 1931 she published "Flowering Judas," a modest-sized volume of stories, which was reprinted in 1935 with the addition of two short stories and two longer ones. Now, after another four-year interval, comes her second book, which is advertised as consisting of three "short novels."

Miss Porter's stories are not, as this reticence might suggest, arty or esoteric. On the contrary, her manner is in a familiar tradition of English and American prose, and her matter is of a kind often treated in fiction. As she is uncommonly easy to read, she may yet achieve popularity with the general literate public. She is held in esteem by the [illegible] presented [illegible] successively well.

So much is apparent from a consideration of her style, for which she has been most praised. Stylist is an epithet of many meanings. Miss Porter is not a stylist in any sense which implies the precious, the mannered, the cult of words. Neither is she an explorer, trying to adapt language to new ends, to produce new patterns of response to the world, or to catch hitherto unseized overtones of consciousness. Hers is a common denominator of good styles; it achieves its effects by finding the sturdy and flexible rhythm and by putting the right word in the right place. It is controlled without being frigid.

Emphasis on her style should not obscure the fact that Miss Porter has other attributes of a good fiction writer. At her best she has mastered narrative pace and narrative construction; her dialogue is colloquial and at the same time graceful and dignified; she has observed with minuteness a variety of locales and ways of living; her people are speaking likenesses; she has wit; and there is a shrewd modern intelligence, if not an extremely original or forceful one, dominating the story from some little distance. I say that she has mastered narrative construction "at her best." The qualification is needed because she is not as invariably successful with the novelette as with the short story, which, particularly in its modern form, need not have dramatic action—that is to say, a situation resolved—but may exist to present a situation, or sketch a character, or convey an impression. Miss Porter seems to be working toward the form of the novel, and in two of the new stories she achieves its essentials.

Although both Old Mortality and Noon Wine lack the mass of the novel, they are not without solidity. Each carries such an impact of well-chosen detail that one has the feeling of being immersed in its milieu, of living and participating in it, rather than of looking at a cross-section of life through a [illegible]. Each of them, furthermore, takes the reader through a span of some magnitude and significance in the life of the characters.

Old Mortality creates a legend and then dissipates it. Two Maria and Miranda, aged twelve and eight, the present is subdued to the time of their parents' youth, which they relive through the memories of their elders, whose stories "were almost always love stories against a bright blank heavenly blue sky." This world is one of late nineteenth-century elegance, with Creole trimmings, in the Deep South, a world of balls and horse races, of duels and just plain shootings. The most important happening in this past, in all the past, was the romance of their beautiful and wayward Aunt Amy, who would dance all night and spit blood from her lungs during the day, and who finally married the patient and unloved Uncle Gabriel, in whose company she met an early and mysterious death. The subtlety of the story is in the fading of the legend for Miranda, as she grows older, until at last she breaks its rigid confines to face an unfinished world of her own. But this is a matter for Miss Porter's telling; it will not bear summary.

The other two novelettes are sharply contrasted to Old Mortality in tone and setting. Noon Wine records the life of a Texas farmer [illegible] a ramshackle [illegible] dairy farm, a silent Swede. [illegible] The author's skill is at its most evident in the portrayal of the farmer, Mr. Thompson, with his shiftless dignity, his growing dependence on his hired hand, and his pathetic attempt to justify himself in his neighbors' eyes for his killing of the stranger who tries to take the invaluable Swede away from him. The title story, I felt, was less of a piece; the love of a girl reporter for a rather stereotyped young engineer and her loss of him in an epidemic do not suffice to tie together the sharp but episodic sketches of civilian terrorism during the World War, of a newspaper office, and of a bout of influenza. In this story alone does Miss Porter descend at times to slick magazine writing.

Her work so far shows that she has range and versatility as well as polish. Of her depth I am less certain, despite the keenness of her psychological analysis. It would portend better for her future development as a novelist if there were threads of continuity between the stories. Their themes are not only varied but miscellaneous; she neither takes an idea and worries it through successive tales nor returns to pose anew certain recurring human situations. But there is a place, and in this instance it is a distinguished one, for the flawless as well as for the profound. PHILIP BLAIR RICE

A "Little Virginia Girl"

MY MEMOIR. By Edith Bolling Wilson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

THE second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's memoir is a defense of her husband and of herself. It is a self-revelation which will not give happiness to the judicious. Nor will it end the discussion of what happened after President Wilson's stroke, when Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Cary Grayson played so remarkable a role. It contains bitter attacks upon Colonel

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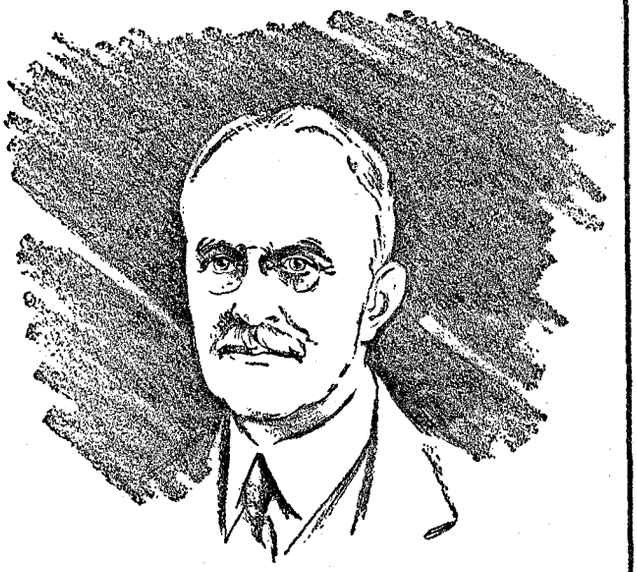

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Edward M. House, his son-in-law, Gordon Auchincloss, Joseph P. Tumulty, Henry Cabot Lodge, Robert Lansing, and others. As she has been accused of having played a mischievous role after her marriage and of having stirred the President to break old friendships and take some of the actions that he did, Mrs. Wilson's statement of the case is of historical value. Besides this, the volume contains much that is trivial, such as elaborate descriptions of her Worth gowns, interspersed with a few shrewd and clever sketches of striking personages, such as Margot Asquith.

As to the personal relations between Mrs. Wilson and her husband, it would have been much better for both if this volume had been well blue-penciled. Mrs. Wilson "tells all"—with a chip on her shoulder. She will certainly not be charged with undue delicacy of feeling or with much good taste. She speaks of herself as a "little Virginia girl," which can only excite the risibles of those who, like the writer of this review, saw her in the Washington days. There is at least no pretense that the President's sudden proposal, within nine months of the death of the mother of his children, who had been such a lovely, modest, retiring, and wise wife to him, was the result of a sudden overpowering passion. When the announcement of the engagement was made, it shocked and stunned all the President's intimates except Dr. Grayson, who had engineered it. The announcement could almost have read in English style: "A marriage has been arranged. . . ." But it is the simple truth to say that Mrs. Wilson was devoted to her husband. If her accompanying him to Paris was a very great mistake, there is no question of her absolute devotion and her unremitting care of him during his illness.

Now as to the historically important part of the book. There is no doubt that Joseph Tumulty blundered badly in transmitting to a Jefferson Day banquet of the National Democratic Club in 1922 a message which purported to be from Woodrow Wilson and could be interpreted as a move for a second nomination of Governor Cox for the Presidency, which, Mr. Wilson correctly wrote to Tumulty, "would be an act of deliberate suicide." No more faithful and devoted man ever lived than Joseph Tumulty in his relations to Wilson. He had done his dirty work for ten years, lied for him, as political secretaries all do, in Trenton and Washington, and saved the President from endless blunders due to his arrogance and tactlessness and inability to get on with the correspondents of the press. Tumulty, to aid and save his Chief, often "forgot" the President's orders and sent out "intimations" and "interpretations" which were taken as voicing the President's views. Believing that Mr. Wilson's failure to send a message to the Jefferson dinner would be a great blunder, and perhaps misinterpreting something the President said, Mr. Tumulty acted without authority. Mrs. Wilson excoriates him unmercifully, without mitigation, for the purpose, she says, of setting the record straight, and she charges Tumulty with never again coming to see his beloved "Governor" until the President was *in extremis*. She prints the documents in full and unquestionably scores. It must be added that Mrs. Wilson knew from the start that Tumulty had opposed her marriage to the President and never forgot the fact.

As for Colonel House, she charges him with being a complete turncoat and toady—which he was—with being absolutely disloyal and starting at Paris a press campaign at home in order to glorify himself at the President's expense, and with deliberate lying to her. Once he told her he disapproved *in toto* a message of the President's on the railroads. A short while later he told the President that, having been converted by Mrs. Wilson, he agreed "with every word of it." Worse than that she lays at House's door the beginning of the President's breakdown, dating it from his discovery of what House had done during his absence at home. After their talk at Brest, she says, "the change in his appearance shocked me. He seemed to have aged ten years, and his jaw was set in that way it had when he was making a superhuman effort to control himself." He declared to her: "House has given away everything I had won before we left Paris. . . . So he has yielded until there is nothing left." This is not adequately supported by facts, and it will not be accepted as the whole picture by those who were in France at the time of the Peace Conference.

As for the interregnum in the Presidency after Mr. Wilson's stroke, when no one was allowed in the sick room but the nurses, Mrs. Wilson, and Dr. Grayson, Mrs. Wilson declares that she did not act as President. She only used her discretion in going over official papers to decide what in her judgment should be laid before him! Nothing else got through. Yet she was not an official, nor had she had any training in large affairs. Tumulty and everybody else was kept at bay and in ignorance. Of course she supports the President in his denunciation and dismissal of Robert Lansing after the President's recovery. I have always thought Mr. Lansing's action in calling the Cabinet together very creditable. The government was without a head. The affairs of a great nation were in the hands of one woman and one doctor. Nobody could find out what was going on, what the President's real condition was. The Constitution does not prescribe who shall act when the President is disabled, and Congress has never availed itself of the power given to it in that document to "provide for the case of . . . inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President." There was no authentic information as to how long his disability would continue. Mr. Lansing did what any responsible official ought to have done. He called the Cabinet together to discuss the situation and to deal if it could with pressing problems of state. This Mr. Wilson denounced as an effort to supplant him. If Mrs. Wilson's book could induce some men in Congress to agitate for creation of the procedure needed to prevent such a thing happening again, it would render a great service. Today no one knows whether the Supreme Court or the Vice-President or the Cabinet or the Congress shall pass upon a President's disability or inability. The situation in 1919 was a grave scandal and should never be permitted to occur again.

I have seen several reviews of this book which make it out a great achievement, adding much to the glory and stature of Woodrow Wilson. With that I cannot agree, but I gladly record that there are moving passages from Mrs. Wilson's pen and that the book presents the President's most appealing side. It cannot, however, be called a vital contribution to our knowledge of the greatest personal tragedy in American history.

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How Austria Fell

SHOWDOWN IN VIENNA. By Martin Fuchs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

IT WAS in the autumn of 1935, during the intermission of the symphony concert which opened the musical season in Vienna, that a fateful conversation took place between the Austrian Chancellor and the German Ambassador. Kurt von Schuschnigg, who on this occasion appeared for the first time in public after the tragic death of his wife, was approached by Herr von Papen with the suggestion of a peace pact between their countries. Martin Fuchs, a former personal aide of the Austrian Chancellor, starts his detailed account of the diplomatic history of the last two and half years of the Austrian Republic very appropriately with a vivid description of the scene in the foyer of the Konzerthaus in Vienna. Papen's suggestion and Schuschnigg's positive answer led finally—by a long and dreary winding road—to the Austro-German treaty of July 11, 1936, which opened the door to Hitler's Trojan horse.

From this starting-point the author leads the reader step by step to the bitter end, always showing the scene behind the scene, revealing numerous details which the best newspaper correspondent could not have ascertained at the time. We travel with Schuschnigg and his treacherous Foreign Minister Guido Schmidt twice to Mussolini, with Schmidt to Göring and to Otto, pretender to the Austrian throne; with Delbos, the French Foreign Minister, to Warsaw; and finally, most tragic of modern political journeys, with Schuschnigg to Berchtesgaden. The very dramatic and convincing account of the meeting between Schuschnigg and Hitler sounds like the Austrian Chancellor's own sad report. Even for the informed student of the Austrian débâcle and the policies which led to it this book provides many concrete explanations where till now conjecture has reigned. The confused mingling of issues and personalities, of ideal conceptions and personal greeds, becomes at last absolutely clear. One can learn from this work to understand the words of statesmen and the vicious meaning of the harmless communiqués issued after their conferences. "Showdown in Vienna" is in a way complementary to Gedye's already famous "Betrayal in Central Europe." Gedye demonstrates from the outside how secret political decisions became public actions. Martin Fuchs shows from his inside observation point how the secret decisions were reached.

The style of the book is not at all that of a bureaucrat, as one might expect. There are even paragraphs in which, quite unnecessarily, occurrences at which the author was not present are dramatized. In a separate chapter he exposes his legitimist convictions and explains why "the last card"—restoration—was never played. In the appendix an exchange of letters between the twenty-five-year-old "Emperor" Otto and Schuschnigg is given. The pretender asks Schuschnigg to make him Chancellor, thinking he can stop Hitler. Schuschnigg's answer, which the author, biased in this case, considers evasive and weak, seems to me a very concrete and noble document.

From the many remarks of leading statesmen reported in this book for the first time I wish to quote two. Hitler to Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden: "If Mussolini wants to help you, which incidentally he certainly will not, then 100,000 German troops will be sufficient not only to push Italy back from the Brenner but to chase the Italian army as far as Naples." Mussolini in reply to the Austrian attaché who reported to him Hitler's opinion about the Italian army: "I tell you that the best army in Europe at the moment is not the German. The best army is not even the Italian. I tell you that the best army in Europe is and remains . . . the French army."

After one is through with the exciting reading of "Showdown in Vienna," a work which will remain for a long time a source of special information, one has two distinct reactions. First, one feels that one has encountered a tremendous amount of fateful stupidity and humbug; second, one is more than ever convinced that the people of Europe—in democracies and dictatorships alike—are helpless. They want peace and are led to war. Why? How is it possible? The reporting of the surface of events is not enough. Martin Fuchs's legitimist point of view provides neither explanation nor analysis of the decisive current of contemporary history.

FRANZ HOELLERING

The Mind of Leonardo

THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. Arranged and Rendered into English with Introductions by Edward MacCurdy. Reynal and Hitchcock. Two Volumes. $15.

THE scientific notes of Leonardo will most probably be read as literature by the layman for whom this edition is intended. It is impossible for him to judge either their originality or their exactness, since the editor gives no clue to older writings on the same subjects and Leonardo often treats problems which are more than elementary. But the reader with some knowledge of the originality of the text can enjoy the spectacle of Leonardo's genius in its intimate activity. These notebooks are precocious, like old drawings which in their spontaneity and traces of the process of invention seem more modern in style than the finished paintings for which they were designed. The reader can feel here the ardor of Leonardo's persistent searching and the subjective moments of the scientist's work, concealed in the final result yet dear to us as the diaries and notes of a great poet.

Although their content is for the most part impersonal, the language and form of the notebooks are unsystematic and accessible to chance ideas. Leonardo's science is written down in a vigorous vernacular speech interspersed with vivid fantasies and lyrical exclamations, as if the scientist were not yet a specialized creature with his departmental jargon but only one role of the common man. To this everyday language corresponds the imposing range of Leonardo's observations; he is the primitive of science as a universal method rooted in the same principles as successful everyday knowledge. His versatility in science is not so much a result of special gifts as it is the individual expression of the scientific level of the time and the mechanistic view of man and nature. An intelligent mechanic with skill in drawing could deal with almost all these problems; if conscious of theory and gifted like Leonardo, he could make fundamental discoveries.

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Leonardo himself draws no distinction between science and art. His term for law is *regola,* the artisan's word for measured or controlled operation, the same term Leonardo uses for the rules of painting. "Good rules are the children of sound experience, which is the common mother of all the sciences and arts." If I read him correctly, he describes the "rules" of science in one passage as the relations between measurements.

Painting, however, seems to play a special part in his scientific activity. He regards painting as the highest art because it embraces all visible nature and as an ordered projection of the world is a model of the universality of science. It is the art of the eye ("Oh, what point is so wonderful!"), and vision is the most intellectual and noblest sense. Strangely enough, he has almost nothing to say about structural relations or surface pattern in painting and not a word about logic. Painting for Leonardo is a science that reveals "the philosophy in nature," requiring not only the most refined observation but also a mathematical system for rendering the visible world—that perspective which he calls a "rational demonstration" and the "theory and guide of painting." This view of the double aspect of painting, the artist-craftsman's familiarity with materials, and his experimental habit of testing his solutions through small preliminary models, whether graphic or in three dimensions, enter deeply into Leonardo's scientific work. He brings to the study of minute phenomena habits of discrimination typical of the painter of the time; he describes seventeen ways in which water may vary in issuing from the same-sized mouth, and on eight sheets he makes, by his own count, 730 observations about water. His visual acuity foretells the coming epoch of the lens. But this prodigious power of phenomenological description depends also on the highly developed devices of the artist for recording observations, designing models, and performing mental experiments. In his anatomical notes he often stresses the need of a proper graphic method: "The more minute a verbal description, the more confusing it becomes; it is necessary therefore for you to represent and describe." Drawing here is a practical art without which observation is unstable and difficult to control. "If you keep the details of the spots of the moon under observation you will often find great differences in them, and I have myself proved this by making drawings of them." In Leonardo's time the technique of drawing is more than a geometrical method for locating and proportioning objects in the pictorial space; it is also a means of isolating and generalizing forms. Even where it serves the fantasy it is analytical and clarifying. In the famous passage cherished by surrealists where he recommends that painters look at spots and stains on a wall to arouse their minds to the invention of "an infinite number of things," he adds, "which you can then reduce to separate and well-conceived forms."

The notebooks—so rich in observations—abound also in metaphysical statements, neo-Platonic similes, and traces of folklore; the definitions of physical concepts are sometimes animistic. But the mass of his scientific work is tied directly to practical problems or rests, as he says, on "simple and plain experience." "What trust can we place in the ancients who have set out to define the nature of the soul and of life—things incapable of proof—while those things which by ex-

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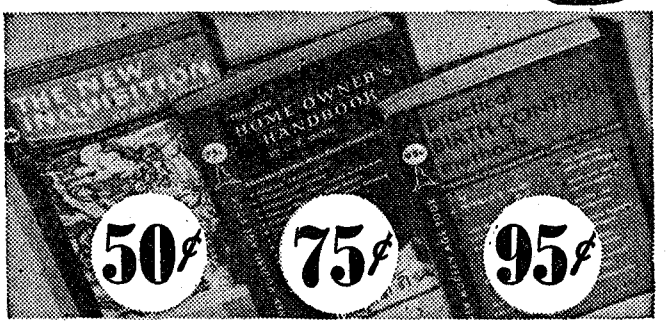

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perience may always be clearly known and proved have for centuries either remained unknown or have been wrongly interpreted?" If in speaking of theory he is contemptuous of the ignorant empiricist, it is because a good theory, founded on experience and stated mathematically, permits a broader and sounder practice. The goal of his study of the flight of birds is not a knowledge of principles as such but the experimental production of the same movements in an airship. That is possible because "a bird is an instrument working according to mathematical rules," and man himself as a swimmer or as the pilot of the ruddered boat creates similar motions. "Instrumental or mechanical science is the noblest and above all others the most useful, seeing that by means of it all animated bodies which have movement perform their actions."

Leonardo sees clearly, perhaps as one of the first moderns, the role of invention in the struggle against nature. In his notes on the properties of water he writes constantly of water as the most destructive and yet most necessary element. How absorbed he is in floods and storms and other catastrophes of nature! How often in his notes we read of man as a microcosm of the world and of nature's violence against its highest creation! Although Leonardo's delight in picturing disasters suggests an underlying hatred of man, his apostrophes on the malignity of nature are not merely projections of a private mood; they describe an appalling fact and express the practical limitations of science. His interest in water is also inspired by timely problems of power, transport, defense, and irrigation; he recommends projects to the guild of wool merchants and to lumber men; and in planning a canal he analyzes even the factors of labor, time, and cost.

The present edition is a superb gift to literature. The translator has followed the Italian text closely, but has rearranged it more compactly according to subjects. Unfortunately, the indispensable footnotes are very sparse and give no adequate reference to the scientific writings on Leonardo. Mr. MacCurdy's long introduction is essentially literary, a conventional eulogy, unclear about Leonardo's place in the history of science and art and completely silent about his dependence on Italian economy and technology. He does not seem to know the basic investigations on Leonardo by the physicist Duhem, or he would be able to indicate better Leonardo's relation to medieval and later science. It is ignorance of Duhem which permits him also to identify incorrectly the Albert—listed by Leonardo among his books and cited in his arguments—with Albertus Magnus instead of the scientifically more important Albertus of Saxony. Had Mr. MacCurdy stated the results of Duhem's and others' researches, Malcolm Cowley, in reviewing the notebooks as the work of an inspired but eccentric Gothic magician, could hardly have ventured to say that Leonardo stood apart from the main stream of scientific development and that his work was so secret that it made no difference to the history of science. Leonardo was well versed in medieval science and owed a great deal to Albert and Nicolas of Cusa; on the other hand his own writings—and perhaps his oral teachings in the academy he founded in Milan—undoubtedly influenced Cardan, Galileo, and Descartes. "Shun those studies," he wrote, "in which the work that results dies with the worker."

MEYER SCHAPIRO

Dialectic Materialism in Science

THE MARXIST PHILOSOPHY AND THE SCIENCES. By J. B. S. Haldane. Random House. $2.

THE present book aims to supply an exposition of dialectic materialism for scientific workers, in the belief that Marxism will prove of value to them in their researches. The first chapter explains that Marxism is primarily a method —although it is also a theory which Mr. Haldane regards as true—and expounds its principles: the unity of theory and practice, the temporal priority of matter over mind, and the well-known trinity of dialectical laws. The remaining five chapters attempt to illustrate the operation of these principles in different special sciences: mathematics and cosmology, quantum theory and chemistry, biology, psychology, and sociology.

Since Mr. Haldane is an outstanding contributor to biological research, superbly competent in the methods of modern theoretical and experimental science, one naturally expects from him a careful and definitive statement of the import of dialectic materialism for scientific inquiry. But this hope does not survive a reading of his book. He neither states unambiguously, in his opening chapter, what the theoretical content of these principles is supposed to be, nor does he, in later chapters, exhibit their relevance for the conduct of research. Consider, as a test case, his account of the second dialectical law, that a large enough change in quantity produces a change in quality. Now a careful reader will certainly ask whether any quantitative change, however small, will not also produce some qualitative one; and he will conclude that this must indeed be the case, if no restriction is placed on what Mr. Haldane understands by "qualitative change." Thus, to modify the well-worn illustration, even a *slight* rise in the temperature of water, to a point *inferior* to the boiling-point, is accompanied by effects not present at the lower one, for example, an increase or decrease in its volume, an increase in the rate of evaporation, and innumerable others. It is thus obvious that on Mr. Haldane's formulation of the "law" either no observation whatsoever could possibly disprove it —because the *formulation alone* will guarantee that it will hold automatically, whatever the facts may be—or the law does not direct the scientist's attention to any particular qualitative change. Equally damaging considerations apply to the other "laws." What value can they have, then, for conducting research or for clarifying our ideas about its outcome?

The conjecture that the answer is "None" is only too well borne out by the rest of Mr. Haldane's book. I shall cite in evidence three illustrations, from as many chapters, which Mr. Haldane uses to buttress his counter-claim. He declares that fruitful mathematical research is dialectical because it consists first in breaking established rules of operation (the negation) and subsequently in redefining mathematical terms so as to cancel the resultant inconsistency (the negation of the negation). But just what is Mr. Haldane's point, assuming for the purpose of the argument the accuracy of his account of mathematics? Is his intent to advise the mathematician to break rules of operation whenever he can and then to negate this infringement by appropriate redefinition? This is obviously preposterous. But if not, has not Mr. Haldane arbitrarily imposed the dialectical "law" upon the researches of mathematics *after* they are completed? Hegel

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could afford to have the owl of Minerva start its flight after the day's work is done. But can Mr. Haldane be satisfied with this, and still be consistent in his claim that the dialectical laws are valuable instruments in inquiry? Again, in discussing mutations as changes through which new heritable variations arise, he explains that "it is, if you like, the opposite of heredity; it negates it." Surely, if Mr. Haldane likes, he may call it that. But how does calling it by that name or any other name serve an increased understanding of the process of mutation? Many people believe that by affixing a label they achieve knowledge; but it is both surprising and depressing that Mr. Haldane, who certainly knows better, should write a book suggesting that this is so. Finally, Mr. Haldane cites the work of the Russian biologist Vasilov on the origin of wheat, with the comment that this is the kind of work which a biologist under the influence of Marxism will do. Is it just an accident that in explaining the principles upon which Vasilov conducted his researches Mr. Haldane does not once mention the laws of the dialectic? Or is it a silent but none the less eloquent testimony to the fact that these laws are as irrelevant to the organization of research as they are unclear in their import?

It is easy to understand why Mr. Haldane, in the company of other eminent British contributors to science, should espouse the political program of Marxism; it is also easy to appreciate the motive which leads them to accept the official philosophy of that movement. It is none the less disheartening that acceptance of a policy of public action should be contingent upon the acceptance of patently dubious and unclear alleged first principles, and that men well-trained in the use of critical intelligence should serve so readily as instruments for the propagation of an uncritical and essentially obscurantist philosophy. Mr. Haldane is already skilful in the technique of citing Marx, Engels, and other fathers of Marxism to establish the congruence of recent scientific conclusions with their dicta. However, he has not completely succumbed to the temptations of exegesis, and lets the reader know some of the points upon which modern research disproves his authorities. Mr. Haldane himself explains that he has been a Marxist for only about a year. ERNEST NAGEL

RECORDS

APRIL records are late, but I have managed to hear Victor's set (4½ records, $9) of the two unfamiliar Haydn symphonies, Nos. 80 and 67, recorded by the New Friends of Music Orchestra. I am told that four symphonies had been prepared, but after two had been recorded the Victor executive in charge decided they were enough; and so we will not have the superb No. 87. As for Nos. 80 and 67, they illustrate Tovey's remark about Haydn: "His forms become the more subtle as his animal spirits rise." That is, where Haydn's music is most profoundly moving he may be most mischievous; on every page one encounters details which he contrived on Wednesday to make his prince laugh on Saturday—to make him laugh by doing something breathtakingly different from what was expected. Those delightful

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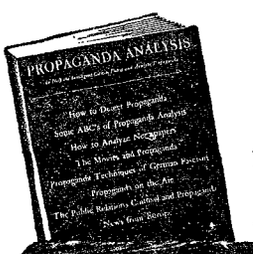

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surprises in rhythm, phrasing, and sonority, those extraordinary harmonic progressions that are so daring and expressive, proceeded, then, not only from emotion and technical mastery raised to incandescence but from impish love of fun. All this vitality and gaiety and warmth are in the music as Stiedry conducts it, but the recorded performances have the tightness and harshness I mentioned last week.

Haydn's playfulness can be enjoyed further in the C major Fantasia included among the Fantasias for piano issued by Timely (four records, $6.50). On the reverse side of this record is the more sardonic playfulness of Shostakovich's Fantastic Dances Opus 1; a second record offers the free, quasi-improvisatory play of Beethoven's fancy in his Fantasie Opus 77; on the third we get the introspectively imaginative Fantasiestück Opus 111 No. 2 of Schumann, and the saccharine No. 4 of Brahms's Fantasias Opus 116; and the last record is devoted to Scriabine's Fantasie Opus 28, which sounds like dangerously overripe Chopin. To these works Grace Castagnetta brings imagination, taste, and fully adequate technical resources; and her playing is admirably recorded.

Some of the records of the celebrated "hot" bands and players of the twenties, long out of circulation, are being reissued; but in this process one encounters the combination of pretentiousness and silliness that afflicts the entire subject of "hot" jazz. The Hot Record Society, for example, affects a discriminating taste that is satisfied only by the oldest, which means the murkiest and noisiest in recording and—in so far as one can hear it at all—the maximum of mere "hot" style with the minimum of interesting musical ideas in performance (the Hot Record Society scorns all recent records, including what I would call the occasional masterpieces—all, that is, except the ones put out by the Hot Record Society, which I would consider mere "hot" commonplace). Outstanding among its reissues was the early record of "Riverboat Shuffle" with a cornet solo by Beiderbecke that I mentioned here; but investigating the records reissued by Commodore, nominally for the United Hot Clubs of America, I have encountered a later "Riverboat Shuffle" made by Trumbauer's Orchestra, with clearer recording of a better performance and an infinitely superior solo by Beiderbecke. His record of "Ol' Man River" also is interesting for what he does with the tune playing it almost straight.

On Commodore's reissues of the Chicago Rhythm Kings' "I've Found a New Baby" and Miff Mole's "Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble" are clarinet solos by the legendary Teschmaker which are excellent examples of his lively, forceful, and rhythmically intricate style. In the McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans' "Sugar," "China Boy," and "Liza" his solos are briefer but his playing is prominent in the ensembles. In addition there are one of Bessie Smith's finest records, "Baby Doll" with Joe Smith on cornet, and with "Young Woman's Blues" on the reverse side (what about her "Cold in Hand Blues"?); Louis Armstrong's famous "I Can't Give You Anything but Love," with the extraordinary "Knockin' a Jug" on the reverse side; Joe Sullivan's piano solos, "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Gin Mill Blues"; Teagarden's trombone playing in the Condon Footwarmers' "Makin' Friends"; and a Teddy Wilson piano solo of 1933 quality in the Chocolate Dandies' "I Never Knew."

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

New England Local Color

Dear Sirs: At the risk of being called a reactionary New England Republican tool of the power trust I should like to contribute a little local color to Mr. Richard Neuberger's discussion (in *The Nation* of March 18) of the current controversy between New England and the federal government over power dams and flood-control projects.

It is entirely true that the New England states oppose federal flood-control and public-power developments in that area. It is also true that the charges per kilowatt-hour for electricity in that section are higher than those charged at Bonneville and by the TVA. But these admitted facts do not add up to the conclusion that New England is cutting off its nose to spite its face; that politics is the only issue.

New England, geographically, presents a rather different picture from the site of Bonneville or the TVA. New England has the usual coastal plain, on which no dams are projected. Above that are many small, narrow valleys, winding streams, lakes, hills, and small mountains. There is not sufficient drop in the water level at any one point to allow the construction of a large dam without flooding a far greater area of land than is usually covered by natural floods. From a purely flood-control angle there is considerable reason to believe that the construction of large dams, as contemplated by army engineers, in this area is not justified. From the power angle there is this to be said: The geographical features of New England make the transportation costs much greater than in any other power area in this country. Moreover, the extremely seasonal flow of the streams in this area makes it reasonable to assume that the federal government would be compelled to build auxiliary steam plants to assure steady power. This would increase costs to a point where it is doubtful whether any considerable saving would ensue.

But the most important thing is that in New England all the towns are built in the river bottoms, all the mills are on the river banks, all roads follow the river bed, all railroads follow the river, all the soil that can be tilled is on the river bottoms. Flood our river bottoms at any point and you flood out our small industry, our villages, our roads, our rails, our farms. For the saving in power rates, which we might or might not gain, such a sacrifice seems unwarranted.

If it could be shown that such a move would make a greater area free from danger of floods more might be said for the project. But the lay of the land is such that only by a network of dams which would make most of New Hampshire and Vermont worthless could Massachusetts and Connecticut be made relatively free from flood danger—and most flood damage ordinarily occurs in upper New England, not in the only areas that can be protected.

As for the political angle, it can be charged with just as much force that the Administration used the issue for political purposes in last fall's elections as that the Republican governors are making such use of it now.

The brutal facts destroy the validity of the federal government's attempt to free New England from the wrath of God in the spring and the greed of the New England Power Association during the rest of the year. STAN BROWN

Washington, March 31

The Sands Decision

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of March 11, 1939, you imply that the decision of the Supreme Court in the Sands Manufacturing Company case opens the door for evasion of the employer's obligations under the Wagner Act through interposition of the allegation that employees have broken their contracts of employment. The rationale: a breach of contract may constitute sufficient justification for discharge, and the employees are "thus deprived of the protection given them by the Wagner Act."

Fortunately, your reasoning contains a *non-sequitur* that vitiates your conclusion. It is quite true that an employee may be discharged with impunity, as far as the Wagner Act is concerned, for breach of contract. It is also true that the termination of the employment relationship in such contingency precludes any recourse to the statute. But the act does not purport to cover these situations, for it requires as a condition precedent to Labor Board jurisdiction that the employer shall have engaged in an unfair labor practice.

In the Sands case denial of the board's petition for enforcement was based upon the fact that the evidence presented was insufficient to support the finding that the employer had committed an unfair labor practice. The contract was important in so far as it helped to demonstrate that the employer was not guilty of anti-unionism, but there was no implication, in my opinion, that a mere breach of contract by the employees absolves the employer of the onus of anterior malpractice.

Your rather gloomy forebodings are predicated upon the assumption that the NLRB will be unable, in the future, to produce substantial evidence linking unfair labor practices by employers to alleged contract violations by employees. The board's record should allay your fears. The danger lies, of course, in the possibility that the courts may construe Justice Roberts's opinion much as you have done. WALTER GALENSON

New York, March 24

Suggestion Withdrawn

Dear Sirs: In the light of the facts stated on page 415 of your April 8 issue, I withdraw the suggestion in my letter of March 30 that you were unfair in publishing, in your March 25 issue, an editorial which seemed to me to answer my unpublished letter of March 18 without mentioning it.

JEROME FRANK

Washington, April 10

Sure, and It's Robert O'Dell

Dear Sirs: I think your readers might be interested in this example of British patriotism. ROBERT DELL

Robert Dell: You are that lowest form of life—a man who makes money by running down his own country to foreigners. It is common knowledge that anyone, however illiterate and ignorant, can make money in America by sneering at Britain in so-called lecture tours.

Why don't you give your name properly Mr. O'Dell and take your real place in the Irish Republican Army and throw real bombs at innocent British babies? Surely, you could do something more to kick Britain in her hour of need.

Live in France by all means. England is well rid of such scum! And do flatter the dear neurotic jitterbug Americans. They love it and they'll pay you well!

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But remember the finest sons in Britain, France, and America despise you and think you are beneath contempt! And when you retire on your ill-gotten gains may they choke you.

MARGARET COLLIER
(Born in Lancashire, England, and proud of it)
West Philadelphia, Pa., March 6

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KENNETH G. CRAWFORD, Washington correspondent of the New York *Post*, is the author of a book on lobbying, "The Pressure Boys," to be published next month.

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